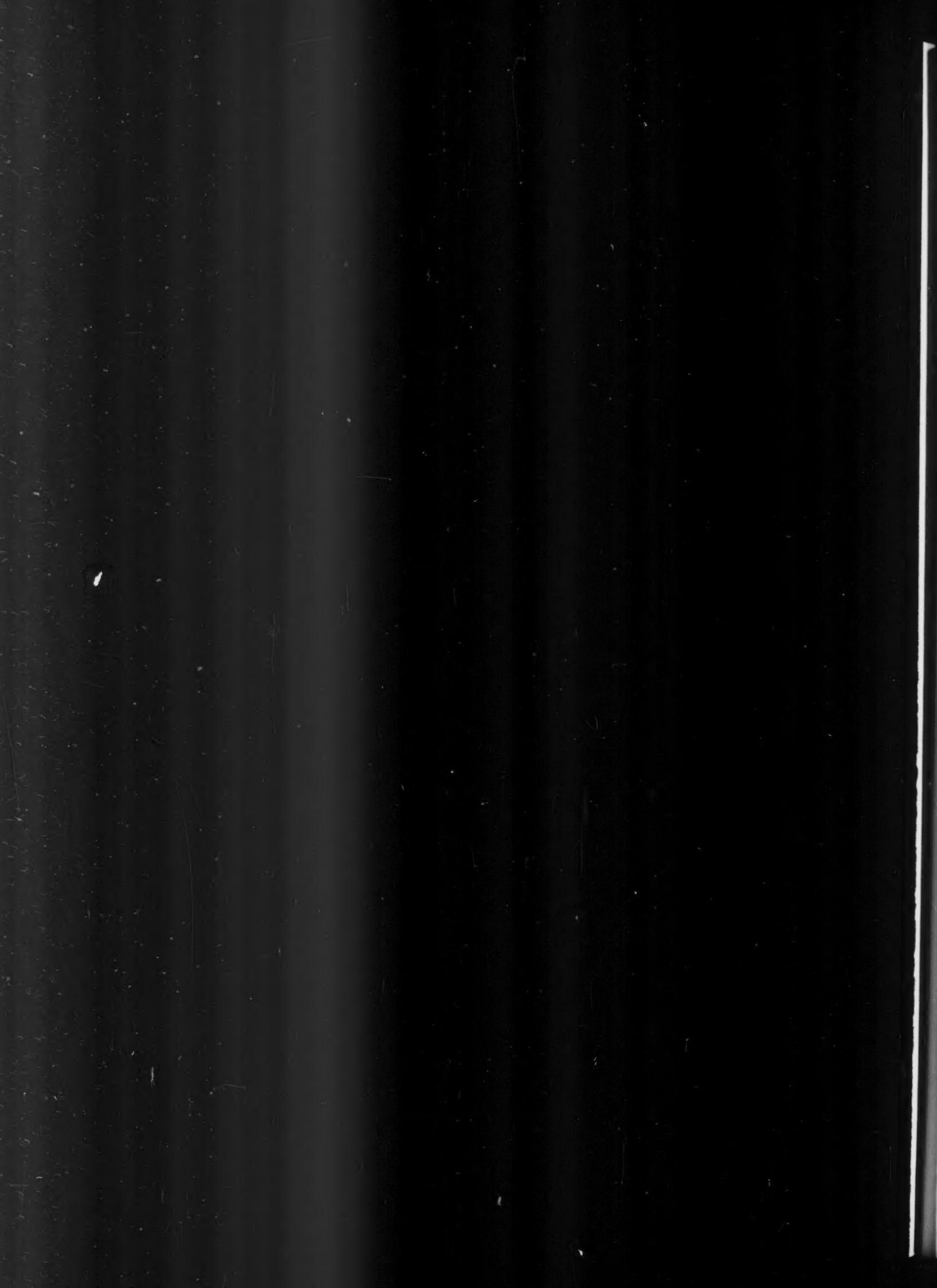


The ROTARIAN



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AND A DEBATE: BROADCAST TRIALS? • 1937



When Doctors "Feel Rotten" —This Is What They Do!



ARTIE McGOVERN

Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club, National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized, after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. At Cornell University Medical Clinic he was physical director for 8 years.

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In his new book Artie McGovern gives you the "de-bunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, end constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person you are) is treated as such.

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BABE RUTH

—What the McGovern Method Did for Him

Before After

	Weight	256	216
Neck	17½	15½	
Chest	43	40	
Expanded	45½	47	
Waist	49¾	38	
Hips	47	41	
Thigh	25	23	
Calf	16¼	15	

WOMEN

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GENE

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The exercise shown above, which may be done while you are lying in bed, is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the worst you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles, the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to \$500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

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—IF you decide
to keep
it!



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It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. McGovern's method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my \$1.98 is to be refunded at once.

Name State

Address State

City State

Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.

(Outside U. S.—\$2.25 Cash with order.)



¶ You've often admired the fellow who steps up to his speech and "smacks it down the fairway"—he's probably not so unusual, except when he gets up to speak. You, too, can "go to town vocally," if you give yourself the chance. Try the recipes offered by **James L. Waller** in the November ROTARIAN . . . *A Department of Peace?* **Frank E. Gannett**, American editor and publisher, and **Pertinax**, the French commentator, in the debate - of - the - month give their studied opinions on this timely question. . . . And **Donald A. Laird**, eminent psychologist (also, see page 16 this issue), makes a strong case for men coming together, as in service clubs. You'll find these and other features worth looking for—

**In Your November
ROTARIAN**

Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment from the editorial mailbag.

Condemnation

I have just received my issue of the September ROTARIAN, and I hasten to send in my condemnation for printing John R. Tunis's article against fraternities in college. First, I wonder "what is biting him," and secondly, I doubt the wisdom of the discussion and its publication.

Frankly, I am annoyed and have deposited my copy in the wastebasket.

ROYAL F. SENGSTACKEN, Rotarian
Classification: Surgery

Suffern, New York

Add: Diets for Trout

To my short article on fish culture which appeared in the Hobbyhorse Hitching Post for September I would like to add a few facts. Since writing the story, I have discovered a new fish-food recipe and have been using it for a long while with excellent results. I have not lost a fish since I began feeding it.

I use a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ salmon egg meal, $\frac{1}{4}$ powdered buttermilk, and $\frac{1}{2}$ whole wheat, stirred together with enough water or buttermilk to dissolve the ingredients. I cook this in a shallow pan, then run it through a meat grinder. The result is a well-balanced ration which I recommend to anyone raising trout.

I would like to add, also, that local as well as national governments are anxious to cooperate with individuals and organizations interested in stocking streams and ponds with fish.

LEE M. HAPPI, Rotarian
Classification: Overall Manufacturing
Macon, Georgia

Footnoting LaVarre

To impart news that there is no Santa Claus and that the story of Washington and the cherry tree is a possible myth, seldom brings popularity. I shall no doubt be branded a cynic for expressing my opinion of the article *Exploring for Profit*, by William LaVarre, F.R.G.S., in the August ROTARIAN, but—I myself spent most of the time between 1924 and 1936 exploring the northern portion of South America as a petroleum geologist.

Mr. LaVarre writes of finding oil in South America, the great deposits of aluminum ore (bauxite) in the Guianas, mercury mines, and the chemical derived from plants which is used as insecticide. In previous articles published in the *American Magazine* and *Reader's Digest*, Mr. LaVarre also tells of discovering gold and diamonds in South America and other natural wealth of the southern continent which was overlooked by early Spaniards. He discovers that "that jagged, lagoon-infested northwestern coast of South America was the second largest petroleum source in the known world." This location is vague. Panama and Colombia are at the northwestern part of South America, but Panama produces no oil and Colombia ranks ninth in world production. Her oil is produced 500 miles from the coast line. LaVarre probably meant northeastern South America, which would mean eastern Venezuela.

Venezuela now ranks third in world production, but this production has been the result of painstaking search throughout many years by scores and scores of competent geologists. A shallow well was drilled in Trinidad (an island off the coast of Venezuela—British) in 1863—before Mr. LaVarre was born—one mile east of the famous pitch lake and still shows a little

oil and gas. The vast seepages of oil opposite Trinidad in eastern Venezuela were also known by white men at an early date. Our own United States Department of Commerce records petroleum leases taken by British and American oil companies in Venezuela as early as 1907.

The important chemical called rotenone, found in a number of South American plants, which will kill insects and is harmless to warm-blooded animals has been known for a number of years. Flit, Flytox, etc., are manufactured by mixing this chemical with a light petroleum fraction. Plants containing rotenone were first discovered in Peru and put to economic use by a plant expert from Iowa who was on an expedition sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation.

PHILIP ANDREWS, Rotarian
Classification: Nurseries

Boulder, Colorado

Clason, Not Gleason

In the article by William Lyon Phelps, entitled *May I Suggest*—(August, 1937, ROTARIAN), reference is made to a book entitled *The Purple Parrot*, by Clyde Gleason. The author of the book referred to is Clyde Clason. . . . Incidentally, I quite agree with Professor Phelps that *The Purple Parrot* is a real thriller. So are two other books by the same author.

LOUIS S. LEAVITT, Rotarian
Classification: Electrical Engineering
Worcester, Massachusetts

'Curse of Humanity'

I have read with keen interest in the September ROTARIAN the George Ade article entitled *On Glorifying the Grouch*; also the letter to the author from Knight Willy.

While I do not know who the grouch is, I feel confident that said grouch is a seller of service or wares, and just wish to say about him what I have often said about sellers.

It is surprising how sellers lose their sense of values when they become buyers, and in my humble opinion that is one of the great curses of humanity today.

W. F. GINTZ, Rotarian
Classification: Wholesale Groceries
Nacogdoches, Texas

'True—in Both Cases'

The Ade-Willy articles on "Grouch vs. Hotels" in the September ROTARIAN were not only very humorous and interesting, but also true—in both cases. I know because I have been on both sides of the fence as a hotel operator and in business outside requiring considerable travel.

In addition to having on the registers a "Mr. Grouch," hotels also have a "Mr. Milktoast," a "Mr. Hyfler," and a "Mr. Commerce." Everything that Mr. Ade has said about Mr. Grouch is true; but Mr. Grouch has been compared only to Mr. Milktoast. Mr. Milktoast, by the way, is the fellow who will walk into the hotel, ask for a room with bath, and be too embarrassed to ask what the rate is because the bellboy is standing at his shoulder and may think he is a "cheap-skate."

Mr. Grouch, on the other hand, is the fellow who, as Mr. Ade states, has seen the hotel billboards all along the road and wants a room at the prices advertised and who has been told by Mr. Commerce he could get a "good room for \$2." Certainly Mr. Grouch could not be

grouchier than to find a Mr. Commerce with a room next to him—identical in facilities, exposure, etc., paying 50 cents or \$1 less than he. Mr. Willy nor any other hotel man will deny that this often happens.

Mr. Hyfler, on the other hand, is different from Mr. Grouch, who tries to get his money's worth, and Mr. Milktoast, who pays what he is assessed, in that he wants the best, has the money to pay for it, will pay for it, and doesn't want to have any questions asked as to his business. He wants the best service, has less regard for care of the room, and makes more complaints than any of the others, but you wouldn't call him a grouch for the rate he is paying.

Mr. Commerce is the repeater, the travelling man, the commercial salesman, buyer, and the fellow who pays the fixed charges of the hotel year in and year out. Usually he gets the lowest rate, but also the least desirable room. This depends mostly on the general class of people the hotel caters to or the majority of the house count.

Mr. Willy has stated that "A movement is now being carried on to strengthen the collective backbone of hotelmen; to encourage them to get a fair rate for their accommodations; and to put a stop to this frenzied desire of some hotel patrons to buy rest, comfort, and safety at a price lower than they can be profitably sold."

This is very commendable and businesslike, but Mr. Willy's attitude is wrong; patrons are not trying to get something lower than it can profitably be sold, for the patron does not know the cost of the investment of a hotel room. In most cases he would be astounded to learn that a single hotel room represents an investment of from \$2,000 to \$10,000, for most of these people can build a house for this price. All the patron is trying to get from the hotel is the same price room that "Tom, Dick, and Harry" got, and get the same accommodations and facilities. It irks him to get the same accommodations as the other fellow and pay more, or to pay the same for less desirable accommodations.

Hotels in most States are required by law to post the rates for the particular room, in a particular location, for single or double occupancy. Why don't the hotels stick to these uniform posted rates? Is it the fault of Mr. Grouch, Mr. Commerce, or the hotel? I think it is the latter.

Mr. Willy is right. Hotel men need "collective backbone," but every vertebra must stay in place. As the travelling public gradually gain confidence in the hotels and their rates and as it becomes known that a uniform rate exists for every room of like accommodations, then I believe that Mr. Grouch will become less of a curse to the hotels than Mr. Willy pictures.

HARRY S. MOYER, Rotarian

Classification: Soil Conservation Service
Fort Worth, Texas

Men's Clothes Have Improved!

Horrors of the Gay Nineties. Rip Van Winkle the Second has come to life.

These were my thoughts after reading Hal G. Verme's *Slaves of Fashion* (September ROTARIAN). I was curious to know the author in order to understand what might be his reactions. I imagined an elderly gentleman wrestling with the problem of men's clothes of 35 years ago. Imagine my surprise when the picture (page 64) revealed a comparatively young man, well dressed, perhaps a college man and a man of the world.

I rise in defense of one of America's great progressive industries and the versatility of the male to adjust himself and accept the new ideas in men's wear. My association in the business



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dates back to 1920. Since that time, I have been able to see far-reaching changes in men's wear which have greatly benefited men in general. I'll concede to Mr. Vermes' opinions that immediately after the World War, when men were accustomed to tight-fitting clothes and the industry as a whole was demoralized, men's wear was an atrocity, but we have come a long way since 1919.

It is a known fact that traditions and conventions change slowly. Witness the streamlined automobiles and trains. It has taken many years for them to evolve and it will take several more years until the public will accept the streamlined automobile which could be marketed tomorrow if King Public were ready.

Men's wear has kept pace with the changing times. I say without any fear of contradiction, as we know men's wear today it is the most comfortable apparel in the history of the world and the best-looking, helping to make the male a better-looking individual, because of the versatility of design, fabric, model, and tailoring.

Perhaps the most comfortable apparel is Nature's nude, but in a world of convention we must cover up except on the beach. Thanks to the ingenuity of the modern men's wear industry, clothing is more comfortable, fits better, is cooler or warmer considering the season than ever before. The new ideas, provided they improve appearance and are more comfortable, are accepted so quickly that it takes only a short time for a new style to sweep the country, as it is taken up by men of all classes.

In order to refute Mr. Vermes' impression of being uncomfortable and ill at ease when dressed in the conventional manner, I shall list some of the sweeping changes in men's dress in the last few years:

Less underwear; less weight in suits, overcoats, and topcoats; shirts with collars attached which are just as smart in appearance as the old stiff collar, but much more comfortable; coats, pants, and vest which really fit a man and make him look better regardless of his build; garterless socks, the kind that stay in place as long as they are fit to wear; lightweight hats expertly made to retain their good looks; shoes—I could cover dozens of pages explaining the comfort, smartness, and shape-retaining features of the modern man's shoes, but suffice to say they are the best ever produced and at the lowest prices in the history of the shoe industry.

In the matter of semiformal dress: witness the soft bosom shirt with collar attached, smart, and the acme of good looks; the double-breasted coat, just as comfortable as a house coat; the full-cut pleated pants can't be beat for solid comfort. You can live in this modern "Tux" and never know what it is to feel stiff, choked, and puffed like a toad—but you are always smooth, relaxed, and at ease to enjoy rather than hate formal affairs.

As to Summer dress, man is supreme: cool white suits which retain their shape, polo shirts with short sleeves and low neck, ventilated oxfords, ankle socks, cool and porous underwear, smart and shapely wash trousers, elastic belts, snap suspenders (no buttons to pull off), and shorts, for men with the build to wear them, are much more comfortable than knickers.

The above-mentioned innovations in men's wear are just a few of the recent developments which are almost universally adopted in the United States. I say we men have more than kept pace with the gentle sex in changing our clothes to suit the modern tempo. Of course, new ideas will be developed and accepted in men's wear; but I am firmly convinced that in order to be accepted widely the apparel must be comfortable and improve our appearance, be-

cause men no longer will wear tight, ill-fitting, uncomfortable clothes.

Truly, the modern man has reached the comfort of the savage insofar as clothes are concerned without resorting to nudity. I apologize to Hal G. Vermes because I cannot accept his denunciation of man's conventional dress. If Hal will come out of his shell, I'll gladly introduce him to the modern male.

VICTOR J. MARKS

Classification: Men's Clothing Retailing

Vice-President, Rotary Club

Danville, Pennsylvania

Live Field in Scouting

I have read with great interest the splendid story 'Kids and Coppers'—*Not in Headlines*, by Neil Clark in the August ROTARIAN, and I hasten to express on behalf of the Boy Scouts of America our appreciation of your co-operation in bringing this story to the attention of Rotarians throughout the world.

We are just now developing this field in an intensive way. The Detroit police have recently organized fifteen troops. Cleveland has organized a dozen troops in the last year. Buffalo is going into this field on an extensive program. The New York City police have adopted Scouting as one of their crime-prevention programs and other cities are beginning to be active.

RAY O. WYLAND, DIRECTOR

Education and Relationships

Boy Scouts of America

New York, New York



This Month's Cover —for Framing

WOULD you like a reproduction of this month's cover for your office or den? These "Canadian Honkers" are from the original painting by Lynn Bogue Hunt, internationally known portrayer of animal life. Reprints are in colors shown on the cover, but without lettering, and are on heavy pebbled paper suitable for framing. Send 10 cents for each copy (stamps or coin) to Dept.-H, THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Ask for "Canadian Honkers."

Keep Boys Busy!

The Police Department of Kansas City appreciates very much the article 'Kids and Coppers'—*Not in Headlines* in the August ROTARIAN.

Recently we finished raising the money and ordered the musical instruments for our Negro Scout troop. We have 45 colored boys in the troop and all of them want to be members of the drum and bugle corps.

We find that by making friends of the boys they never bother us again, provided we can keep them busy and their minds occupied. The most difficult proposition we have is finding enough men who are sufficiently interested in boys to devote their time and energy to them and to look after them.

OTTO P. HIGGINS, Director
Department of Police
Kansas City, Missouri

Almost Persuaded

Pacifists and professional upholders are two of our pet aversions. Little wonder that we passed up the article by Farnsworth Crowder, entitled *Where No Men Are Enemies*, in the August ROTARIAN. Another Utopian dreamer, thought we, and let it go at that.

In leafing through the magazine last evening, we spent some time with the illustrations and that led us to wonder what the article might offer, if anything. Take it from a realist and a cynical one at that, the article in question will give you a new slant on the grave international problems that confront us. For once, we are not polishing the service medals, we are wondering whether this article does not show us a new, a better way. Read it by all means.

C. F. LAUER, Rotarian
Classification: Penal Institution, Restoration
State College, Pennsylvania

Rotary Buttons a Fad?

Why is it that such a large number of American Rotarians have dropped wearing their buttons? On a recent visit I much appreciated the various Rotarians who came up in street or train and greeted one, but there was nothing to show that they were Rotarians.

Are American Rotarians becoming ashamed of wearing the button, or is it just a passing fad? It would be interesting to learn the reason.

THOMAS C. LOTHIAN, Rotarian
Classification: Publisher
Melbourne, Australia

Phelps: An Australian Reaction

I am glad that you arranged for William Lyon "Billy" Phelps to continue writing for THE ROTARIAN. Although one may not have the luck to read all the books that he reviews for you, it is a great pleasure to know his views.

G. FRED BIRKS, Rotarian
Classification: Medical Supplies Distributing
Sydney, Australia

Spanish Students Approve

The two subscriptions (for REVISTA ROTARIA, Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN) we are sending to the local high school are proving a decided help to the teachers and their pupils. Copies have been well read and we have been properly thanked for them. It is quite a pleasure to stimulate interest in matters other than those purely local. This credit is claimed by community, vocational, and international service devotees.

GEORGE W. BURKITT
Rotary Club Secretary
Palestine, Texas

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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OCTOBER, 1937

NUMBER 4

Contents for October, 1937

SO THAT MAN WILL LIVE	A. D. Hutton	7
Will the 20th Century see the dawn of the warless world prophesied by Victor Hugo?		
'YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU'	William Moulton Marston	8
Thoughts suggested by answers given by 2,997 persons to this: "What do you live for?"		
THE SLUMS MUST GO!	Lewis E. Lawes	11
Sing Sing Prison's warden charts the relationship between faulty housing and crime.		
BROADCAST TRIALS?		
Both sides of a question about which the public will hear much in the days ahead.		
YES	Mitchell Dawson	14
NO	Robert Bernays	15
A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT ROTARY	Donald A. Laird	16
And his conclusions will dovetail with what many Rotarians think but seldom say.		
CANADA: DOMINION OF CANADIANS	William Renwick Riddell	19
Notes on the development of a growing commonwealth and its system of government.		
THE AUTOS GO ROUND AND ROUND	William B. Powell	22
If they're lucky, they come out at a parking space . . . but the odds are against them.		
THE WORLD'S WORST SHOT	Harry Elmore Hurd	25
Wherein an energetic disciple of Nimrod recalls events that give him distinction.		
YES, I WAS 'SORE' ABOUT EXTENSION	Joel C. Harris, Jr.	28
So disgruntled, in fact, that District 69 got busy and started 9 Clubs in a year.		
YOUNG HANDS ACROSS THE PACIFIC	Yasmasa Togo	31
Japanese and American students are meeting each Summer to discuss their problems.		
YES—BUT THAT'S THE LAW	Harry Hirschman	33
A lawyer airs some of the quirks in statutes that make for smiles and/or frowns.		
ILLEGAL LENDING IS BAD BUSINESS	William Trufant Foster	37
Merchants, says the author, know that families deep in debt are sick customers.		
ROTARY IS ON THE TASMANIAN SHIELD		43
About a little-known island . . . its history, geography, and the spirit of its people.		
MAY I SUGGEST—	William Lyon Phelps	58
Saving time for the busy man who wants to know what books are worth the reading.		

Other Features and Departments—

Our Readers' Open Forum (2); Frontispiece—*Ripples in the Sand* (6); Editorial Comment (40); A Legion of Perfect Attenders (42); As the Wheel Turns (45); Rotarian Almanack (47); Rotary Around the World (48); What They're Saying (52); *O Piteous Heart*, a poem by Kathleen Sutton (60); Hobbyhorse Hitching Post (62); Helps for the Club Program Makers (63); Chats on Contributors (64).

This month's cover — *Canadian Honkers*—is from the brush of Lynn Bogue Hunt, well-known American artist of wild life.

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Photo: John Kabel

Ripples in the Sand Near San Luis Obispo, California

So That Man Will Live

By A. D. Hutton, M. D.

Rotary Club of Marion, Virginia

VICTOR HUGO once predicted that the millennium would be with us in the 20th Century.

"In the 20th Century," he said, "war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, frontier boundaries will be dead, dogmas will be dead; man will live! He will possess something higher than all these—a great country, the whole earth, and a great hope, the whole heaven."

A glance at any newspaper will prove that this prediction has not been fulfilled. But we must remember that history has not yet rung down the curtain on our century. The 21st Century *may* dawn with all of Hugo's prophecy realized in letter and in spirit. Whether that is to be depends upon us, who live in this century.

Today it is a commonplace that civilization sits on a powder keg, and already the time fuse may have been set for the explosion. Facing facts realistically, one wonders whether since Hugo's day any actual progress has been made to establish peace on earth.

But it is not for us to be discouraged. If we believe that men make wars, we are justified in the faith that it is possible for men to remove the causes that create wars. This is the philosophic trestlework of the Fourth Object of Rotary International: *The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.*

"A world fellowship" implies friendship on an international scale—and that is the Rotary way. There is nothing mysterious about it. Friendship may be hard to define; so is electricity. Yet never is there any doubt as to their presence, for they are known by their works.

Mutual attachment, esteem, goodwill, forbearance, understanding—these qualities we associate with friendship. But underlying them all is unselfishness. Unfortunately is it true that:

*You may search the world from pole to pole
And you'll find self-interest rules the whole.*

To extirpate selfishness and replace it with the ideal of service in the two billion persons on earth may be a vain hope, an iridescent dream. But only as progress in that direction is achieved can Hugo's prophecy be realized.

"Nothing," George Washington once said, "is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. . . ."

A mere emotional appeal will not resolve "inveterate antipathies," but a persisting will to understand others inevitably will issue in forbearance and tolerance and other

Whether Victor Hugo's prophecy of a 20th Century sans warfare is to come true depends on what decisions people now living make.

attitudes conducive to friendliness. There is nothing new in that; it is a simple statement of fact patent to every observant person. Rotary Clubs, with their high diversity of membership, apply that theory every week.

Walking down a London street, Charles Lamb remarked to a friend, "I don't like that man over there."

"Why?" said the friend; "I wasn't aware that you even knew him."

"I don't," admitted Lamb. "That's the reason I don't like him."

So it is with most of us. We have an aversion for the man we do not know, especially as his interests come close to ours. It is not difficult to "live and let live" when the one to whom we concede that privilege is remote. The test of that philosophy comes when he becomes our neighbor, especially when in some degree—whether for ego-satisfying attention or for business—he becomes an active competitor.

SCIENCE has contributed to a richer living. It has promoted longevity. We have much for which to thank the laboratory. But it has made of the world one neighborhood. The antipodes are closer to us today than a region a few thousand miles distant was to our grandfathers. "Inveterate antipathies" maintained against a nation across a broad ocean are no longer inconsequential. They now hold potentialities for the scuttling of peace.

It is too much to expect, perhaps, that Rotary will achieve miracles. Oversanguine hopes for bringing universal peace but lead to heartbreaking disappointments. Yet surely it is just and proper that we may bolster our effort with the conviction that the goodwill-and-understanding technique is the one sure way to establish our civilization on the foundation of peace.

The toll of war oppresses us. We shudder at the thought of another World War. The startling fact remains, nevertheless, that men soon forget. New generations arise, and memories become blurred. In 1476, the Swiss defeated the Burgundians at Morat, and 300 years later, sightseers could with Byron say:

*Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap through ages to remain;
Themselves the monument.*

The tumult and the shouting of the last great war are waning—and the world rolls on. That its course shall be marked with peace so that, as Hugo prophesied, "man will live," is an ideal that is worth the directed effort of each of us.

'You Can't Take It with You'

By William Moulton Marston

I SAID, "No, I can't go to a show tonight. I'm over my ears in work—"

"Uncover your ears, then," my wife interrupted, "and listen to sense. You must get work out of your head for a while."

"No theater in the world will make me forget work."

"Come," she said, with finality.

I went. We saw the Pulitzer Prize play, *You Can't Take It with You*. Of course you can't take it with you—your money and worldly success to the next world. Nor can you take your work with you to that hilarious comedy. It chains you to the present.

Martin Vanderhoff, a successful businessman, started for his office one day and discovered, while going up in the elevator, that he didn't want to make any more money. So he rode down and never again returned to business. Farcically, to be sure, but nonetheless convincingly, everybody on the stage makes himself happy by the very simple rule of not postponing what he most enjoys.

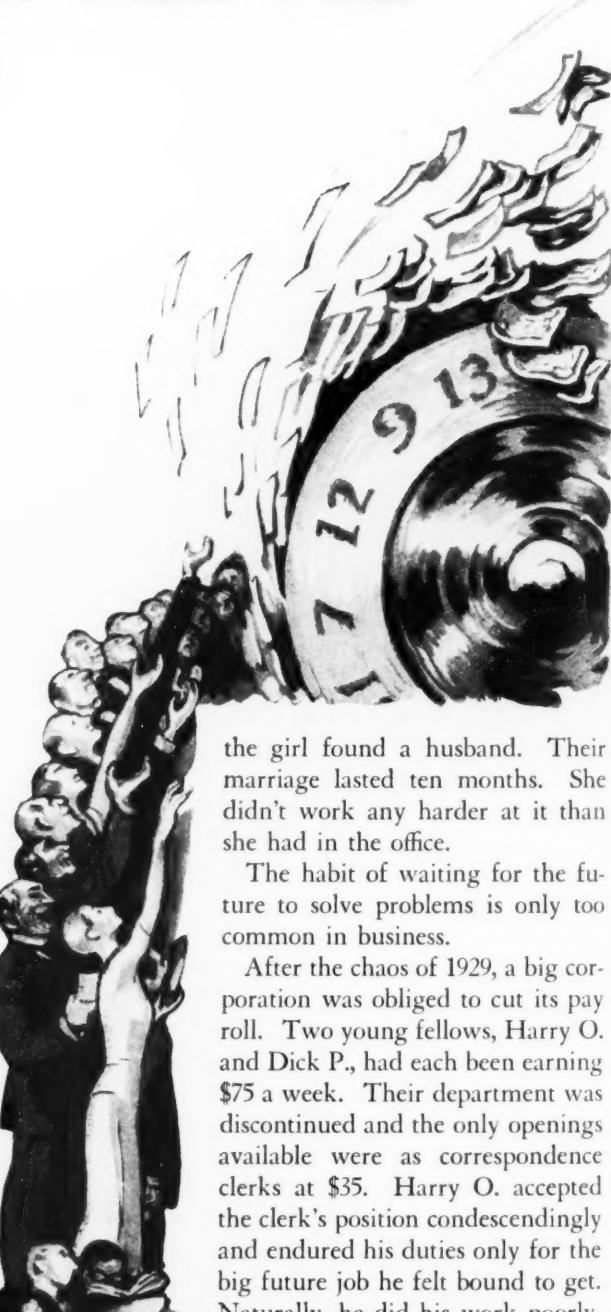
During the past two years I have asked 2,997 persons, "What do you live for?" I discovered that 94 percent are merely enduring the present for some future event or condition. Poor souls! They are wasting today's realities for tomorrow's speculations, sitting bored at a great entertainment, waiting for a better show which may never open. It's a common failing.

There is, to begin with, the person who regards his present occupation as an undeserved interlude. I was visiting an executive when his stenographer brought in some papers. My friend glanced at them, glared at her, and, when she had left, said to me, "She's hopeless! Just waiting for a wealthy husband to support her." I learned later that after losing half a dozen jobs,

Illustrations by
Wilfred Jones



"They are wasting today's realities for tomorrow's speculations . . . waiting for a better show which may never open."



the girl found a husband. Their marriage lasted ten months. She didn't work any harder at it than she had in the office.

The habit of waiting for the future to solve problems is only too common in business.

After the chaos of 1929, a big corporation was obliged to cut its pay roll. Two young fellows, Harry O. and Dick P., had each been earning \$75 a week. Their department was discontinued and the only openings available were as correspondence clerks at \$35. Harry O. accepted the clerk's position condescendingly and endured his duties only for the big future job he felt bound to get. Naturally, he did his work poorly. His absent-mindedness resulted finally in a serious loss, and he was discharged.

He is still looking for that big job.

Dick P. reasoned that if he had to do correspondence work, he might as well have some fun doing it. He analyzed the firm's form letters and tabulated the responses they brought. Some, he discovered, were not effective. He burned the midnight mazdas composing new ones. Not



"... they needn't wait. The travellingest family I know owns nothing but an 8-year-old car."

very hopefully, he showed the new letters to his chief, who told him to try them out. They produced excellent results, and Dick was given more responsible work and put in line for promotion. Last week a gleeful call informed me that he had just been given another raise.

He is back where he was before the depression, with a much more promising job ahead. He had made the future come to him.

Another lad gave up his connection several years ago with what is now the fastest-growing magazine in America. At the time he quit, the magazine seemed to have no future. His friends smiled sadly when only recently they learned of this, because he had lost out on other good jobs for the same reason. Either on the verge of landing a good position or just when he was beginning to master it, he would say, "But is there any future in it?" The first job he left is now paying big bonuses, and, after a good many trials, he finally landed a job as dull as dishwasher and with no future at all.

I counted 389 persons in my survey who grumble through the daily grind, waiting for a "lucky break." They are habitual purchasers of sweepstakes and lottery tickets; also the millions who enter prize contests and never stop to think that a tenth of the time spent on wooing futures would yield a substantial income if invested in some sound capitalization of the present.

There is another type of future-obsessed person whose notion of an ideal life is perfect idleness. I asked a healthy, well-to-do wife and mother what she was living for. "I only hope my nerves can stand the ordeal until my husband retires and the children get homes of their own," she said. "I'm living for that blessed day when I can *rest*." Her nerves stood the strain, but when

her husband retired and the children married, she went to pieces. She is now a nervous wreck. Activities which gave her a present worth living for, left her in chaos when replaced by a longed-for future of nothingness.

Besides the wistful waiters there is the futurite who suffers from the greener-pastures illusion. A Hollywood actress told me recently, "Oh! I am just *existing* until I get my divorce and marry X." This will be her second divorce, but not her last. A businessman who is paying three sets of alimony is neglecting his affairs to follow the cause of his last divorce to Europe. I told the woman thus pursued that if she wanted to get rid of his attentions, the quickest way to do it would be to marry him.

■ WASN'T trying to be funny. This greener-pastures illusion, in a less acute form, blights the life of many a married couple. The mere fact that the present is within their power to enjoy, if they will, makes the future alone seem enjoyable. For it is easier to dream of another partnership than actively to make the most of an existing one.

You can't take your present opportunity for enjoyable, creative activity into the future, and money will be no substitute for it. Little Tim Hardy had been begging his father to help him build a hut. There was nothing Hardy wouldn't do for the child, but building a hut of old scraps and tar paper seemed inadequate. He didn't realize that what Tim wanted was the fun of working together. So Hardy told Tim that he would have a regular playhouse built as soon as he could spare the money. The boy said that would be fine. But why couldn't they make a little hut until the big one was ready? Hardy

laughed and said he'd see. Two days later, Tim was run over in front of his school. He was dying when his father reached the hospital. Hardy had to bend over to hear the child's whisper, "We didn't get my hut built, did we?"

I asked Babe Ruth what was the most exciting moment of his baseball career and he told me it was during the third game of his last world series. He was in a batting slump, his team was behind, and two strikes had been called on him. The crowd turned against the Babe and began to boo. Ruth's desire to win rose to the emergency. He pointed to a distant spot in center field and yelled at the hooting fans, "I'll knock it out there for you!" He hit the next ball pitched where he said he would. It was the longest home run ever hit at Chicago's Wrigley Field. I asked him what he thought about when the ball was pitched.

"What'd I think about?" he snorted. "Why, what I always think about. Just hittin' the ball."

THERE'S your champion—the man who keeps his attention riveted on the present act and responds to every crisis with all there is in him. With the outcome of a world series and his own contract hanging in the balance, Babe Ruth thought only about hitting the ball. The next time you're in a jam, with a string of mistakes behind you and everything hanging on your next move, forget both past and future. Think about just one thing—hitting the ball. Let yourself go—give everything you have to your desire to win before the crisis passes. It will be the best performance you ever produced because of the emotional steam behind it. Every crisis offers you extra power. You'd better use it then because you can't take it with you.

I remember Shelby, who always wanted to travel, but he kept putting travel off until he should have more money and leisure. When he was 46, his aunt died, leaving him her estate. "Now you can take that world trip," a friend remarked. "I could, yes," Shelby conceded. "But if I invest this money, I may make enough to retire and live abroad." His habit of losing the present in fantasies of the future had become so engrained that he could not seize on any reality. The event which might have gratified a long-held desire destroyed it.

You would be surprised at the number of people who tell me they are waiting for money, or until the children grow up, to travel. But they needn't wait. The travellingest family I know owns nothing but an 8-year-old car. The father has a salesman's job and the wife sells

"He hit the next ball pitched where he said he would. It was the longest home run ever hit at Wrigley Field."



corsets. The two boys and a girl always travel with their parents in the Summer, studying between trips with such keen interest that they are far ahead of their ages at school. This family has crossed America five times, attended the Chicago World's Fair, and was present at the Coronation in London. They are not rich, but when their desire for travel fades, it will leave behind it a permanent enrichment of their lives.

There is one desire we must grasp before it disappears in the hurly-burly of practical affairs—the desire for culture. For the past eight years, a man I know has been promising himself to read a certain book and he hasn't yet opened it. His once eager desire for culture has been killed by his preoccupation with making dishpans. How many people do you know who are incapable of reading anything but the newspaper? They feel a vague, uneasy need for fresh mental material. But they know culture will always be there "when they have time for it." Culture *will* be there. But not their *desire* for it.

"Some interest in ideas and music and pictures arises in everybody at the proper age," said William James. "Ten minutes a day of poetry or meditation or an hour or two a week at music, provided we began *now*, would give us in time the fullness of all we desire. But by sparing ourselves the daily tax, we dig the grave of our higher possibilities."

You cannot take yourself out of the present by switching your attention to what may happen tomorrow. You are in the present whether you like it or not. There is just one thing you can take with you into the future and that is the knowledge of how to live. You can win only by *living*—in the real world of every day.

If you have that, you hold a magic key which unlocks tomorrow's treasury of happiness when time pushes it into the present.





The Slums

CRIME, particularly the causes of crime and of criminal tendencies of our younger generation, was the subject of discussion recently between an old friend and myself. This man, a junior executive in a large corporation, is married and the proud father of two boys. They live comfortably in an attractive suburban home.

My friend could not understand why so many boys were going wrong. To him the subject of youth as related to crime offered only a rather impersonal, objective question. He felt, and perhaps justly so, that his children, with their happy home life and adequate facilities for education and recreation, would never be affected by the causes of delinquency in our youth and their subsequent criminal careers.

But this question with its grave complexities was to me a subject of more than academic interest. Over 30 years of penological work, which has ranged from that of administering an institution for juvenile delinquents to being warden of Sing Sing Prison, where some of our most desperate and worst-known criminals have been housed, has proved to me beyond any doubt that the greatest single influence in the production of our criminal element has been the environment and training of the boy during his formative years.

Apparently my friend did not believe it possible that such conditions as I depicted actually exist. *But they do exist.* Unless individuals like my friend and the communities they represent make a concerted effort toward the elimination of unwholesome conditions, we shall within a few years face a grave situation. Our juvenile delinquents and their attendant criminal activities will increase until they assume such proportions that they will represent an actual menace to our future generations. As we continued the discussion, I found I had an attentive and genuinely interested listener.

Most readers of these lines are, I presume, like my

Must Go!

By Lewis E. Lawes

Warden, Sing Sing Prison

friend. They have good homes, and their sons are reared in wholesome environments. But let us consider less fortunate

boys—boys in teeming tenement districts of great cities, or the distressed and economically unstable sections of our mining regions, or the poorer sections of our industrial centers.

Slums are not necessarily restricted to the crowded sections of our larger cities. They exist in every type of community.

In these areas, families live in squalor. Parents and children of both sexes crowd into one or two dark and filthy rooms, lacking even the sanitary facilities with which a modern, up-to-date barn is equipped. Unrest, degeneracy, and crime are the natural by-products.

Our first steps in the battle against delinquency and crime must be the elimination of its breeding grounds. Just as in the elimination of certain bacterial diseases, the science of medicine has decreed that the only sure and certain course of action is the sanitation of the places of origin of the carriers of the germs, so we must proceed in our attempt to cure this great social disorder. The slums must go!

Now, slum clearance is more than merely the tearing down of old, unsightly habitations. It must be viewed in the light of an advanced socializing program that has as its aim the betterment of the lives of our future citizens, the reduction of our criminal population, and the raising of the standard of living of the entire nation.

Picture to yourselves the thousands upon thousands of homes of the type I have described. Imagine, if you can, the daily life of a boy born among such surroundings. His chances for play and recreation are restricted to the streets and alleys, or, even worse, to the cellars or dirt-infested back yards of these communities.

What influences will he find amid such surroundings



Photos: (page 11 and above) Lewis Hine.

that would tend to improve his mind and body? What moral training can we expect for him or for his associates, other than that to be obtained from the older and already vice-ridden occupants of these same neighborhoods? It would require an individual of remarkable will power and courage to overcome these handicaps and emerge in later life as a good citizen.

Let us visualize these same districts, cleared of the unsightly, ill-smelling, crowded tenements. In their stead we would have modern and esthetically pleasant dwellings, with adequate lighting, up-to-date sanitary equipment, and, above all, recreational centers for the children that would be on a par with the best that are available to the sons of my friend. Here, under proper supervision, the boy would find a normal and wholesome outlet for his youthful enthusiasms. The guide and mentor of his leisure time would not be the former product of the slums or the reformatory, but rather the trained and socially conscious individual who would attempt to inculcate in the child the moral precepts of clean living.

WE TALK of crime and juvenile delinquency and efforts made by various agencies to curb them. The remedy is with the proper training of the child in school, in play, and in the home. Penal statutes and long sentences mean nothing. For every one punished, two more arise to take his place. So let us concentrate on the little fellow in the slums, let us grow up with him, and let us try to point out the way for him, giving him a good place to live in and a good place to play in. That is where we must do our building, both mental and material, and by this I simply mean, in the mind of the child and in the place where he is to live and grow up.

I am afraid that the average man, when he reads of "slum clearance," does think of it in terms of tearing down an old building and putting another in its place.

The first count in society's indictment against slums is that they do not give to the growing child a fair chance to develop into a healthy and upright citizen.

Rather, let us picture it as the excision of a malignant growth in our social life. In its stead, let us have well-planned communities. Substitute cleanliness, good air, and sunshine in homes, for dirt, foul air, and darkness, and you have made a step forward that cannot be overestimated. The entire morale of a family, despite its previous environment, will be improved immeasurably.

It is not for me here to discuss the merits of the various ways and means to finance slum eradication. But I do most emphatically assert that if their cost to society in terms of the crime they breed were generally known, ways would be found and these festering sores in our cities would be cleansed as a mere matter of municipal, not to say national, economy. Slums not only cost money, but bleed the morale and weaken the fiber of a nation.

The countries of Europe, immediately following the World War, when faced with grave questions of unrest and dissatisfaction in their populations, recognized the serious implications that unsatisfactory living conditions have on future generations. Almost invariably a program of slum clearance was adopted and has been carried on during the past two decades, limited in scope only by the resources of the respective nations.

While travelling in Germany and Italy recently, following my attendance as a delegate to the International Penal Conference, I observed the functioning of a methodical and persistent effort to eliminate every vestige of the crime-breeding centers in their larger cities.

England, since the War, has also made great strides along similar lines, not only in her large industrial centers, but also in what are termed her "depressed areas," where entire communities of the slum type have been razed and replaced with clean, attractive homes.

Some \$65,000,000 is, I am told, appropriated annually by the British Government for building and slum clearance, and approximately 1,200,000 dwellings have been erected in Britain by subsidy. In London the rent is from \$2.50 to \$3 per room; outside London the rent is less, ranging down to \$1.50 in small towns. But England regards the money spent on slum clearance as money well spent because of savings in caring for tuberculosis, infant-welfare, and other charity cases. In some areas improved by better housing, infant mortality has decreased as much as two-thirds, tuberculosis cases have dropped a half.

Recent word from New South Wales, in Australia, is that more than 200 schemes for public works aimed at improved housing have been developed by municipal councils, of which the total cost will exceed \$21,000,000. The news dispatches point out, incidentally, that these projects will give full-time employment to 12,500 men for from one to two years.

In coördination with their slum-clearance programs, various nations are developing techniques, in keeping with their social theories, to give their youths opportunities for regulated and supervised physical exercise. In-

deed, in Italy, Germany, and Russia such training is mandatory. Russian boys, up to the age of seven, are supervised by an organization known as the Oktiabriata; from the age of seven to 15 by the Pioneri; and from 15 to 21 by the Komsomol—three different courses of training during the boys' formative years. Italy offers its youth the Ballila, which trains all boys up to the age of 15 years; Germany has the Nazi Yugenbund, well known to the tourist. Its clubhouses abound in cities, towns, and even through the Black Forest region. Similarly organized and conducted is the Oesterreicher Jugendbund of Austria, in which attendance is not mandatory.

In France, the recreational activities are conducted under an organization known as the Jenneuse Francaise, which, though semipolitical in its makeup, does not have compulsory attendance. England, like the United States, finds its training for its boys in the Boy Scouts and other private and unofficial organizations.

As an indication of the growing recognition in the United States of the importance of crime prevention and the proper training and supervision of youth, we should note the recent resignation of Sanford Bates from his position as Director of Federal Prisons. Mr. Bates, one of



Photos (above): Philip D. Gendreau; Harold Brown

Proof that wholesome housing and food strike at the root of the crime problem is spurring many big cities to build apartments that take account of children.

the foremost penologists in the world, has accepted the position of executive director of the Boys Clubs of America. In commenting on his resignation, Attorney General Cummings stated in a letter to Mr. Bates:

"You now enter a new but related line of activity, and one which in my judgment will afford an ever-widening field of work, especially as the vital need of preventative efforts in dealing with social problems and the criminal menace comes to be more generally recognized."

Any organization that seeks to instill in the mind of a boy a respect for law and order, and the desire for clean, healthy recreation and exercise, has a place in our scheme of living. And by that I mean Boy Scouts, boys' clubs, recreation centers, and the like. The goal of these organizations is the same: a worth-while endeavor to train our boys in their leisure hours. Let him who would take pride in the strides of his country in industrial de-

velopment, look first to the support popularly accorded to the agencies that seek the welfare of youth!

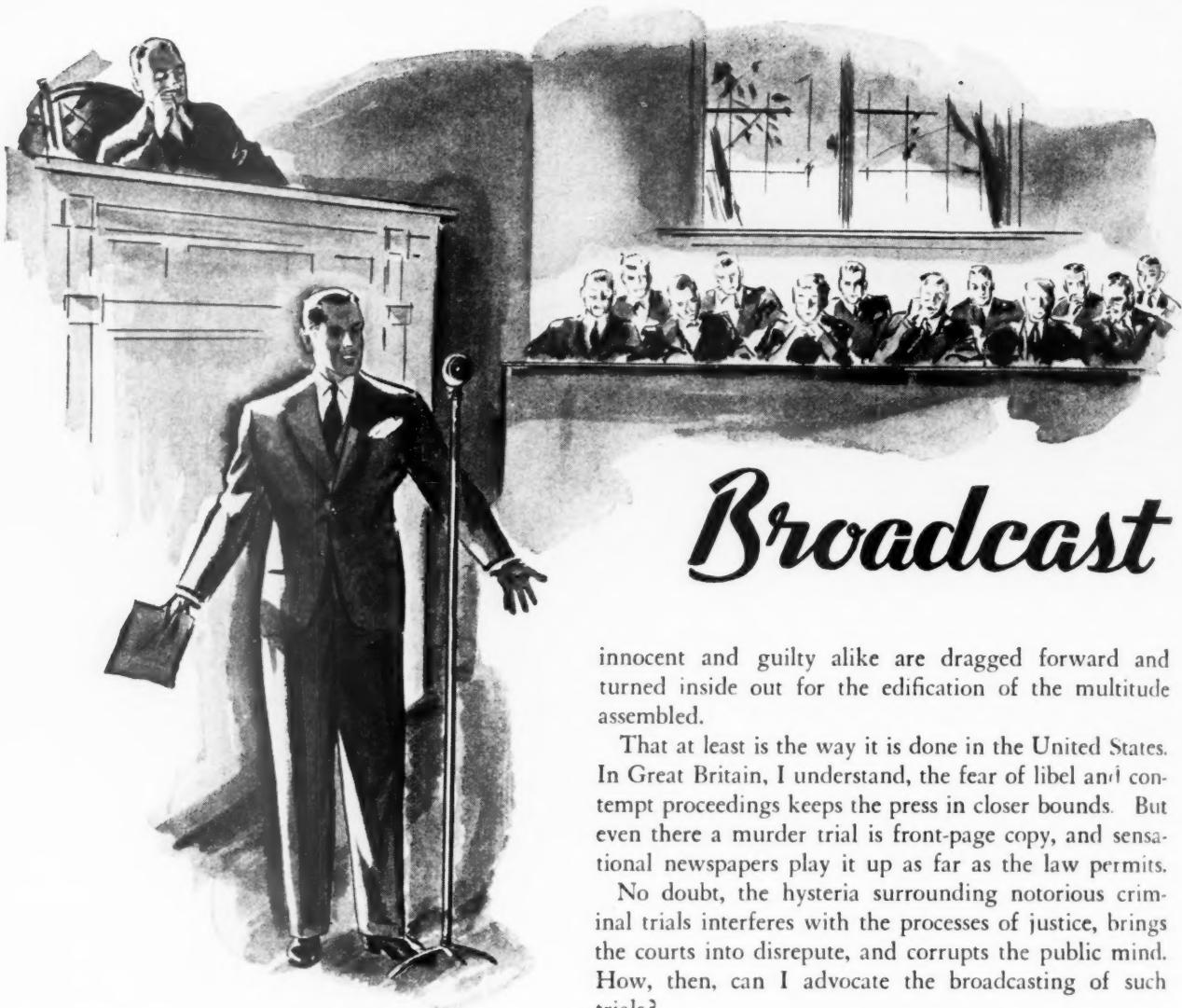
To reduce crime, to improve living conditions, no agency is better fitted than the local community itself. But the cause needs leaders—men who are intelligently aware of the problem and militantly determined to solve it. Millions of my own countrymen are like my friend mentioned at the outset of this article. They need only to be awakened to their individual responsibilities to give to the underprivileged child an opportunity for a decent life comparable to that they insist upon for *their* sons.

■ If people would but realize that, after all, the juvenile delinquent is usually a product of the slums and but accepts his world as he finds it in the environment into which he was born, they would have taken the first step toward righting the wrong. How easy it would be in his formative years to train the little fellow in clear and clean thinking, showing him what is good and what is not, and placing in his heart and mind a desire to rise to the good things about him and to strive to be a credit to himself! But you cannot do it by talking or by attempting reformation after the boy takes a false step.

Give him the opportunity for regulated and healthful leisure hours. Give him the association with men who are trained to teach boys the good things in life. Give him a clean home. And, above all, give him recreational facilities that will develop his moral character and his physical body into that same mold you desire for your own boy.

Photo: Martin Gerlach





Broadcast

innocent and guilty alike are dragged forward and turned inside out for the edification of the multitude assembled.

That at least is the way it is done in the United States. In Great Britain, I understand, the fear of libel and contempt proceedings keeps the press in closer bounds. But even there a murder trial is front-page copy, and sensational newspapers play it up as far as the law permits.

No doubt, the hysteria surrounding notorious criminal trials interferes with the processes of justice, brings the courts into disrepute, and corrupts the public mind. How, then, can I advocate the broadcasting of such trials?

For two reasons: first, because the only effective alternative is profound secrecy concerning criminal trials, which is undesirable and impossible in a democracy; and, second, because broadcasting will tend to deflate the emotionalism engendered by such trials.

The common law guarantees to every person accused of crime the right to be tried publicly. It is considered one of the great Anglo-Saxon bulwarks against oppression, and, as such, it was incorporated in the Constitution of the United States (Sixth Amendment) and in the Constitutions of nearly all the individual States. Secrecy for criminal trials is therefore out of the question without radical changes in our basic law.

But there is an even more cogent reason why the proceedings of the criminal courts cannot be sealed with silence. The public itself in democratic countries has acquired something in the nature of a vested interest in criminal trials. The rule that such cases should be tried in public did not originate out of any concern for the accused. Early English law showed little tenderness for the welfare of defendants in criminal cases. The right of the accused to a public trial is not mentioned either in the Magna Charta or in the English Bill of Rights. It seems to have developed as a [Continued on page 54]

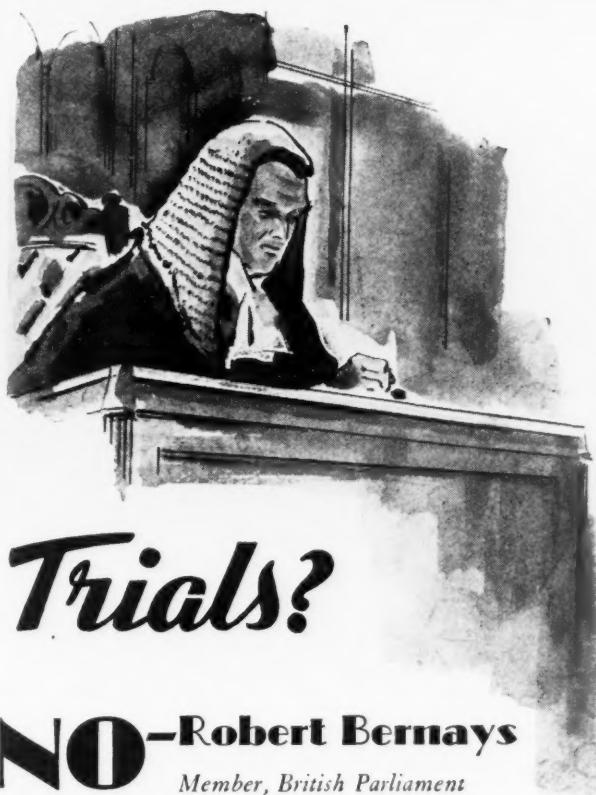
YES—Mitchell Dawson

Distinguished American Lawyer

SINCE daylight a mob has surrounded the courthouse, fighting to get in. The big murder trial—"the sensation of the century"—is about to start. A cordon of police officers holds back the crowd and opens a lane for the privileged few. One by one they pass through—judge, counsel, jurors, witnesses, reporters, cameramen, friends of officialdom. They fill the courtroom from wall to wall, waiting to see a human being on trial for his life.

In the press room, newsmen flash the story to avid millions, telling and retelling the sordid details of the crime, the private life of the victim, the private life of the defendant, choice bits about the judge, the jurors, and the witnesses, "sob-stuff," melodrama, a grand ragoût served rank and hot.

The public gulps it down and asks for more. Sex intrigue, violence, insanity, and murder stalk into every home—in print for those who read, in pictures for those who can't. No one concerned in the case is spared. The



Trials?

NO—Robert Bernays

Member, British Parliament

IN THE great majority of political questions it is not easy for a man or a woman with any claim to an open mind to form unshakeable convictions on such issues as Free Trade or Protection, an international police force, or the New Deal. It is possible to come to a decision only after an elaborate weighing of the balance of advantages and disadvantages. But on the question of the broadcasting even of selected criminal trials, I have no doubts or hesitations.

I am convinced that such broadcasts would be utterly opposed to the public interest.

There is, first of all, the question of the effect of such descriptions on the child and the adolescent. It is clearly undesirable that broadcast accounts of trials of murderers, defrauders, sexual offenders, robbers, and kidnapers, which are obviously what the public would want, should be made easily available to the immature mind. Even in existing circumstances this is very difficult to prevent. There are newspapers that specialize in this form of sensationalism, and the hoardings outside every theater and movie are plastered with pictures of crime and passion. But at least parents can do their best to minimize this evil impact. They can exercise an enlightened censorship over the movies their children attend and the newspapers that come within their reach. What is the use if merely by turning the knob of the radio their children can hear every prurient detail of a *causé célèbre*?

Moreover, any psychologist would admit that children absorb far more knowledge through the ear than through the written word. They may read a pornographic book without the salacious parts of it impinging on their minds in the slightest degree. But a smoking-room story

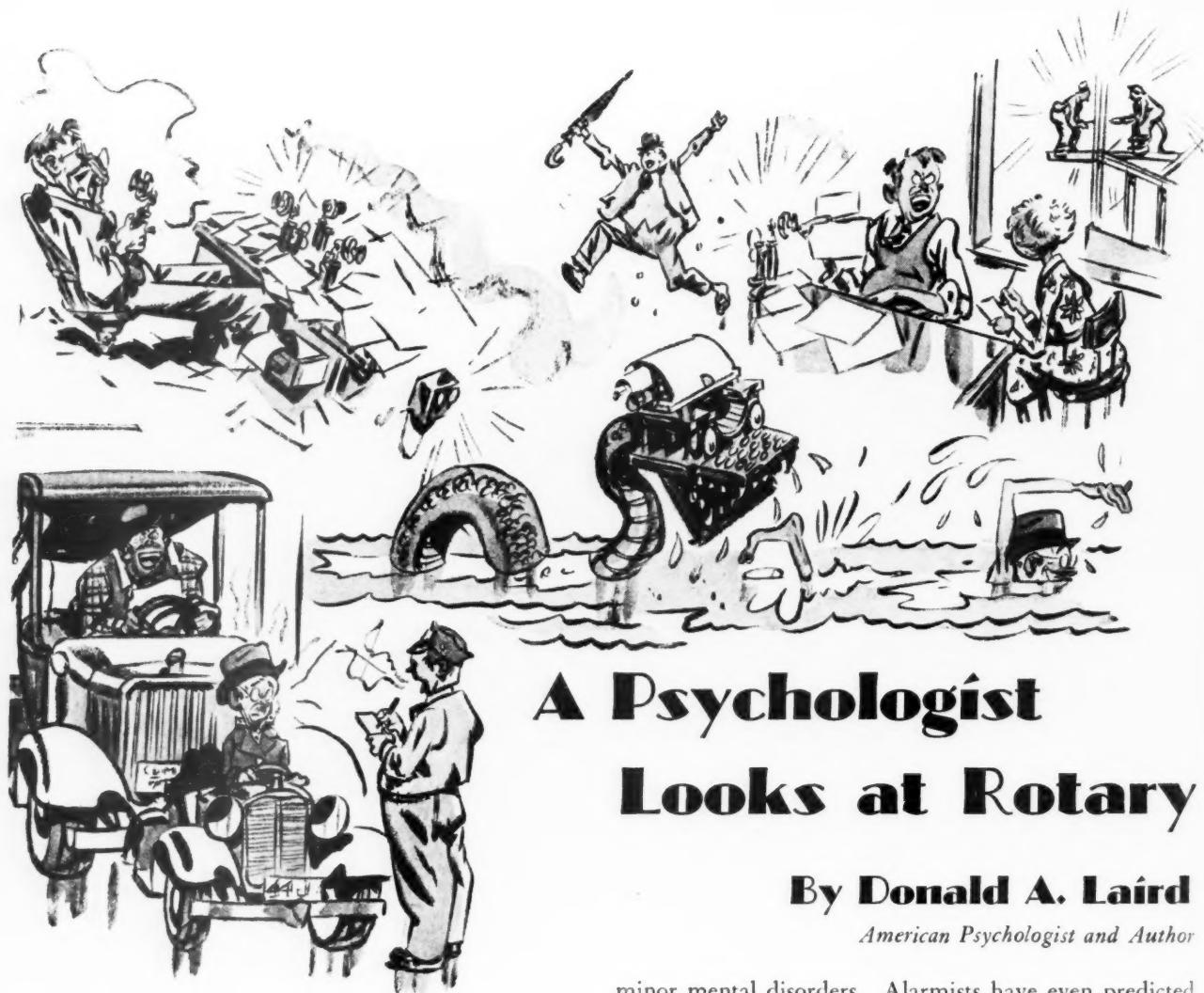
incautiously told by a guest at a luncheon party may never be forgotten and may warp their whole attitude on life. So it would be with broadcast trials. Obscenities that would pass unnoticed when embedded in the columns of printed matter would assume a vital reality when spoken over the ether.

Nor is it merely a question of guarding youth against contact with the immoral and the unsavory. The pronouncement of sentence of death or long years of imprisonment are not pleasant to hear even for the adult mind. On coming down from Oxford, I was for some years a newspaper reporter in Fleet Street and, as part of my duties, I had to attend as a descriptive writer some of the great trials at the Central Criminal Court. My imagination never became deadened to the horror of those dreadful words of the judge: "You will be taken from here to the prison whence you came and thence to a lawful place of execution where you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

For days afterward I would be haunted by the thought of what was happening to that poor wretch I had seen in the dock—his last drive in captivity through the streets, the agony of the days of waiting in the condemned cell, seeming at first unending and then quickening dreadfully as the last day approached, his extremity of terror as he thought of the hangman's rope being tested and the grave being prepared while he was still alive, and finally that awful morning when at one minute to 9 o'clock a little party would assemble in the cell and slowly, followed by the [Continued on page 56]



Illustrations
by Lee Teeman



A Psychologist Looks at Rotary

By Donald A. Laird

American Psychologist and Author

WHERE is Rotary going?" George Bernard Shaw once asked that question, and then proceeded to answer it: "I know where they're going. They're going to lunch."

G. B. S. was, no doubt, trying to be Shavian. But as a student of the modes of the human mind, may I suggest that his *riposte* is less risible than it is significant in ways perhaps undreamed of by Mr. Shaw. For by providing an oasis of relaxation in the midst of tense and busy spaces of time, Rotary has safeguarded the mental health of uncounted thousands of normal men.

Modern business is a maelstrom. In small city or large, the tension of commerce is accelerating. The rapidly changing economic scene is not a thesis for cloistered reflection to the man who runs the gauntlet of profit and loss. Businessmen know the rattling commuting train and the center rush for seats, or the traffic jam with its truculent police at the very start of the day; they face up hourly to the pressing routines of the office or the store, the continual drive for more speed, the fear of legislative interference or later trouble.

This is not mere rhetoric. Ten percent of all Americans in 1937 stand in need of active mental treatment for emotional maladjustments, and still more suffer from

minor mental disorders. Alarmists have even predicted the collapse of our civilization through the tension it, Frankenstein-like, builds up in its people. One scientist, Dr. George W. Crile, has pessimistically suggested that man may vanish from the earth through the excessive burden of speed and strain he has placed upon himself.

Decrying the rapid pace of today, an editorial writer for the *Journal of the Florida Medical Association* blasts, "There has developed a new disease called 'Americanitis.' There is too much speed in walking, talking, driving, eating, working, and in everything we do. Even our sleeping hours are curtailed. Why all this speed which leads to an early termination? This tumultuous living has enabled the great decimator of life—worry—to cut down men in their prime. This juggernaut cuts a wide path through masses of extraordinary, able men and leaves their lifeless bodies in its path."

What can be done about it? Obviously, it is impossible at the present time completely to change our way of living so that society will pause while every man "finds himself" and settles into the occupation where he works best with least strain. Cities can't be decentralized overnight—granting, for the moment, that that is desirable. Billions of dollars lie invested in the buildings; roads and railroad tracks are rigid things, bind-

Around-the-table fellowship has a deep social significance. It will be the theme next month of a second article by Dr. Laird.



Illustrations by Stuart Hay

ing the city with the outside world at its present location. And it is the same way with humans.

Men talk of the time when everyone will do what he wants to, and we shall progress because of better individual adjustments, and this will eliminate much strain and many mental kinks. But at present the workaday world demands that people do certain jobs. So, the best for each person is to adapt himself to conditions that can't be changed. He can do this by relaxing long before the explosive force of tension nears the bursting point. And this brings us back to Rotary.

Every Rotary Club has a program at its weekly meeting, usually a speech. Every Rotary Club has its projects designed to improve the tone of vocational and community—even international—affairs. They are productive of excellent results, and by comparison I would not disparage them. Yet, as a psychologist, I must testify that if there were nothing to Rotary but the weekly luncheon with its food and fellowship that set the digestive fluids to flowing easily, Rotary would still be on the black side of the social ledger.

Consider this, a composite case history:

"Think I'll skip luncheon today—just can't see my way through this work," says Scoggins—and he orders a pot of black coffee and a ham sandwich. Between gulps he drones through columns of dreary figures. But his friend Boggins goes to the luncheon, grins happily when called by his first name, chats with the man across the table, argues about the best place to fish up at Eagle River, fakes a tenor on a jolly song, listens to a speech, and an hour or so later is back at his desk.

Need I add that Scoggins finishes the day not only wearied by his strain, but with that disquieting uncertainty about decisions made with a taut brain? Or that Boggins, approaching his afternoon's problems, can see

each situation in its true light, and finishes the day with a clean desk and a fresh outlook for the morrow?

Why? If you haven't made the discovery already, look at an animal—dog, cat, or monkey. Note the undeveloped head. Then look at the cranium of a human, with the high frontal lobes.

"Just as man has physically lifted himself from the earth, so mentally he has raised himself above the other animals by the fatiguing exertion of his higher mental powers," explains G. T. W. Patrick, professor emeritus of philosophy at Iowa State University.

"It is evident in the case of the adult that there are some brain centers or some brain tracts or some forms of cerebral functioning that are put under severe strain in our modern strenuous life and that there must be some kind of activity which will relieve these centers, or these tracts, during a considerable portion of each working day and involve other centers not so subject to exhaustion," he says.

Although Professor Patrick did not specifically mention the weekly luncheon as a means of relaxation, that device popularized by Rotary answers the needs he points out. The competition and pace of modern business are probably more exacting than in any previous form of society, and the slow progress of evolution makes it difficult for man to keep up with himself.

"The forms of mental activity which have developed late in the evolution of man are most affected by fatigue," Professor Patrick comments, "hence we understand why children's play and adult sport . . . resemble the activities of early man. The older the brain patterns used in our hours of relaxation, the more complete our rest and enjoyment."

Ah—the secret process of *reenergizing* used by Boggins has been lifted from Merlin's box! Scoggins' mental motor is being overheated, and instead of pulling up by the side of the road to let it cool for a successful finish, he drives it until it will crack—some day. Boggins gave those frontal lobes a good rest. He took a brief mental rest cure at his luncheon. Enjoyment, relaxation, were the order of the hour there, and a new mind went back to the office.

THE secret trick is to recapture the attitude of play from time to time. Perpetual dignity, everlasting seriousness, are signs of premature mental aging and must be given an occasional discard. "There is an atmosphere of psychic freedom and emotional liberty about the play attitude," Dr. William Sadler, Chicago's famed mental specialist, has recently pointed out. "The crusader, the overambitious, the depressed, and the melancholic seldom enjoy humor—they are too much absorbed in what *they* are doing, thinking, or feeling."

"No person who laughs at himself," Dr. Sadler also commented, "is very far from being passably normal." This implies something not too encouraging about those who just can't let their hair down, unbutton their vest, and let themselves go.

In this day of big business, big taxes, and big every-

thing else, there is no monopoly or exclusive right to humor and fun. Every luncheon group can have fun, and the possibilities for a few rip-roaring minutes using the lower brain cells as worry-absorbers are limited only by the ingenuity of the members. Foolish stunts, nicknames, practical jokes such as the collapsing chair the late Eugene Field used to have in his office when he was a most successful columnist—all are excellent lubricants to slide the weight of living from those easily exhausted upper lobes.

And there is another reason why our Scogginses need relaxation. According to famed author Walter Pitkin, the individual's "annoyability" increases as he turns from youth to middle age.*

Bark at your stenographer, at your partner, at the messenger boy, and it won't help your business because you sacrifice co-operation in your office by this outlet for your tension. Shout at your boss as those upper brain cells begin to be a drag on your physical self, and it may cost you your job.

But at the weekly luncheon, bark at your friend and he'll come back with a "wisecrack" and put you in your place. And the general laughter will be a mental bath to you. There is no room for irritation at the luncheon, no competition, and use of those primitive brain cells will provide a back-to-nature tonic for your whole self. Arthur R. Timme has called play an outlet for aggressive action inherent in the individual. And the weekly luncheon or gathering serves as a safety valve for this.

Tense, worried, a businessman went to the bi-annual convention of his old college fraternity. His business was one particularly affected by the new legislation, and he started to talk politics.

"Oh, for gosh sake, Tubby, I came here to enjoy Phu Mu. Crawl under the table, if you can make it!"

* See *New Times . . . New Thinking*, by Dr. Pitkin in THE ROTARIAN magazine for March, 1935.



The person who can laugh at himself isn't far from being a passably normal individual.

For the first time in months, Tubby grinned, threw himself into the "razzing" spirit of the affair. Late that evening, when the smoke was thick and talk drifted—note the word—to affairs of state, he admitted worry was futile, that he couldn't do too much about politics, but that he *could* adapt his business to changing conditions.

"Relax—let yourself go!" are the words from a popular song which offer a tonic to the overwrought businessman, says Marjorie Van de Water, commenting on the recent experiments of Dr. B. K. Bagchi, psychologist at the University of Iowa. "The Hindu method of relaxation has real value for the American who wishes to preserve his mental health and efficiency at its highest."

WHATEVER picture of naked natives lying on dung-heaps in the sun which may be conjured up by mention of Hindu relaxation should be modified by the further words: "Relaxation should never replace action, but alternate with it. This rhythm is paramount to our growth and adjustment. Some East Indians have overdone the business of relaxation . . . but busy people of this country need not fear the onset of national laziness as a result; the climate and culture will take care of that. What will occur will be a toning down of our hyper-tensions, a relief from the evils that arise from it and a stimulation of balanced activity."

Rotarian relaxation and Hindu practices differ entirely in method, but can have the same effect. Quiet repose with thought on what interests the individual is the Hindu ideal. There has not yet been any Rotary luncheon where everyone reposed in silent contemplation.

But the luncheon meeting does provide an excellent opportunity for refreshing exchange of ideas on hobbies, sports, "pet peeves," and other subjects. Often a man may be starved for conversation on subjects dear to the male heart, and he can't very well express himself to the satisfaction of his ego either in the office or in the home, particularly if it is dominated by wife or daughters. Hence the self-expression to some "pal" at the luncheon.

And one of the principal objections to relaxation by oneself is that the mind cannot rid itself of perplexing problems, or else through wanders into dreamy phantasy. "Be sure your thinking is more or less relevant," warns Dr. Bagchi.

If one wanders too far into the realms of imagination at the luncheon, his absorbed attitude will attract the practical jokers. An absurd fine, for instance, will snap him back to sociability. But he won't be taken back to the problems which tire his upper brain cells, but to the world of leg-pulling—as the English put it—and comradeship.

Give your brain a rest. Occasionally recall this thought of Masefield's: "The hours that make us happy make us wise." And on Rotary day, when the hands of your

wristwatch creep close to the noon hour, why, simply reach for your hat, chuckle over Mr. Shaw's repartee, go to lunch, and relax!

Canada: Dominion of Canadians



By William Renwick Riddell

Justice of Appeal, Ontario, Canada

T

HE TWO buttons on the back of a long-tailed coat would, if we understood their history, supply us with a principle that would aid greatly in understanding many governments of the world. For those buttons recall the buttons which in another age held up a gentleman's sword belt. Today they are of no use, but inasmuch as they do no harm, they continue.

So it is with most governments and institutions. In them persist many relics of a former state of being. We, in Canada, have our share of these evidences of growth. At Ottawa, the capital of our Dominion Government, Parliament has two Houses, comparable to the House of Representatives and the Senate that compose Congress at Washington. Many persons think of two legislative chambers as an essential part of the legislative machinery of Anglo-Saxon folk, but history tells a different story.

When Parliament was created for England, it was composed in part of *ex officio* members—the great lords, abbots, etc., as well as representatives of the people who were considered to be entitled to a voice in public matters. All sat in a well-known room in Westminster Abbey. Soon it was found to be too small, and the body was divided. It was deemed seemly that those of the same status in the State and society should sit together—and in this adventitious way, the two-house system began.

Thus, because a certain medieval room was too small some 700 years ago and because customs endure, today two Houses sit in the Parliament at Westminster, in the Congress at Washington, D. C., also in nearly all of the States of the United States; and, also, two Houses sit in the Parliament at Ottawa, and in the Legislature of the

Province of Quebec. But, it is significant that the other Provinces of Canada either never had a second Chamber, as is the case with Ontario, or have deemed it not worth its cost and have abolished it, as they have a right to do.

In broad outlines, Canada's plan of government is similar to that of the United States. Whereas the United States has 48 States and two Territories, we have nine Provinces and four Territories. Moreover, both the United States and Canada are independent nations. Never, in recent years, has a responsible Old Country statesman referred to Canada as a Colony.

It is true, however, that ties bind us to England. And the term "The British Empire" is still used. But though it was never quite such a misnomer as "The Holy Roman Empire," which one historian declared was not holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire, the words "British Empire" have a *new* meaning. Whether it was ever an Empire may be debated, but it formerly was British—that is, the property of Britain. British Colonies still exist, but Canada is no longer one of them.

The Dominion of Canada came into existence as a political entity in 1867. The British North America Act of that year contained a provision that any Act of our Parliament could be annulled by the King, which means the Administration at Westminster. But that was a form. Only one Act of the Dominion Parliament since 1867 has been interfered with, and that was at the request of Canada for reasons unnecessary here to cite. The Statute of Westminster of 1931 settled any doubt that Canada was an independent State. Canada is still called a British Dominion, but with a radical change in the

connotation of those words. Now, "British Dominions" means a Dominion of a British people in a given territory. And Britain itself is just as truly and as much a Dominion of Canada as Canada is a Dominion of Britain.

Canada is bound to other peoples of the Empire by the Crown and a common allegiance to the King—not just as the King of England, but as the *King of Canada*. In theory, the King is head of the State, and all official acts are done in his name. Actually, he never interferes. He reigns. But he leaves the ruling to the people.

Now, the King cannot live in all the separate parts of his Empire. He lives in the old home in Britain, whence he draws his own money and living expenses for his family. He is represented in other parts of the Empire by Governors. Each Governor is now selected, as a rule, by that part to which he is to be sent. This Governor in his particular dominion is similar to the King in Britain. That is, he is a *lucus a non lucendo*—a "Governor" because he does not govern. That is done by the people who elect representatives to legislate for them.

We also divide into parties. Each party has a leader in the Dominion Parliament, and the Legislatures of the Provinces. The party having the greatest number of representatives in Parliament (or locally, in the Legislatures) "comes into power." Its leader becomes the Prime Minister or Premier, and selects his colleagues to be Ministers of the several Departments.

The Prime Minister and his colleagues constitute "the Government." Their every act is subject to the scrutiny of the popular House—the Commons, or the Legislative Assembly in the Provinces. If or when the Government fails to obtain a majority vote approving what it has done, it is seen to have lost the confidence of the people or of their representatives. Then the Government must either get out and give way to the other and now dominant Party, or they must go direct to the people in a General Election—which may be held at any time. The election determines whether or not they can get a majority returned who will support them.

This is what we call "responsible government."

Appointment of Judges is, with but few exceptions, a function of the Governor General. From what has been said, it follows that the Government really selects the Judges, and the Governor General merely signs the commission in the name of the King. Theoretically, the Governor General looks all around Canada for the best man: actually, like presidential electors in the United States, he signs on the dotted line, approving the man chosen by the Government—and, through the Government, by the people.

THE appointment of a Judge, like every other official act of the Government, is upon the responsibility of the whole Government in power at the time. If questioned, it must be justified in the same way as the expenditure of funds or any other administrative act.

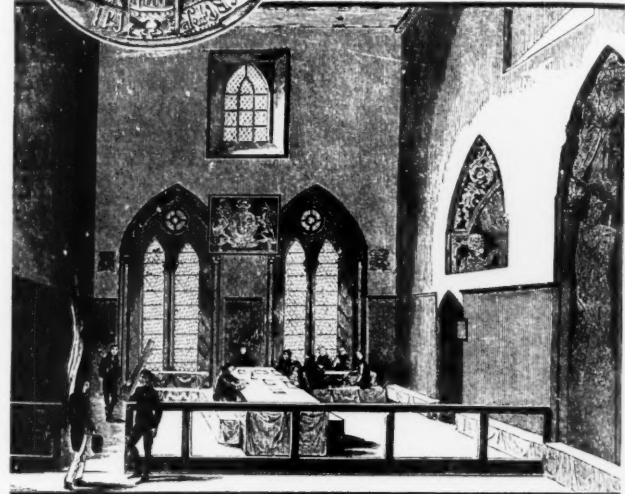
In their selection, the political element is not disregarded. *But the Judge, on assuming office, drops his politics.* Over a century ago, two King's Bench Judges in

the Province of Ontario lost their positions for interfering in politics. Since that time, there has never been a suggestion of such interference on the part of any Judge.

For centuries in England, Judges could be removed at any time at the will of the King, with or without cause. This led to abuses in Tudor and Stewart times, and was rectified more than 200 years ago. Since then the ap-



Because this room, the Painted Chamber (Westminster Abbey), was too small, England's Parliament divided into the Commons and Lords in 1377, in Edward III's day. His Great Seal is at left.



pointment has been *quamdiu se bene gesserint*—during good conduct. This is the tenure of office of Judges of the Superior Courts. Removal is possible—but is seldom necessary. There is no trouble in bringing about the resignation of a Judge who has lost his usefulness.

Although the appointment of Judges rests in the Dominion, the courts are provincial, as is the whole practice in civil cases. In criminal cases, the practice is wholly Dominion. The prosecuting counsel, however, is appointed by the provincial government.

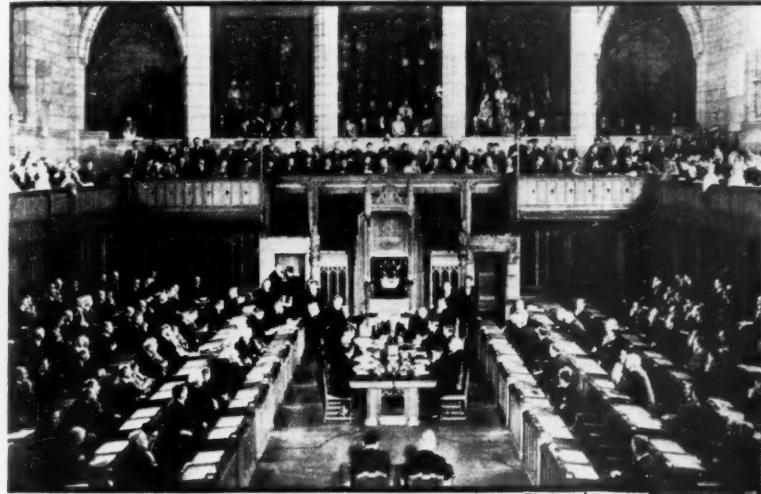
Our theory of a civil action is that it is an open investigation of the rights of the parties concerned. A criminal prosecution is a solemn investigation by the State into whether a named person has been guilty of a stated offense against it. Consequently, our Judges are expected to help juries arrive at the proper conclusion. They may and not infrequently should ask questions of witnesses, calling them back for that purpose if necessary. They may and not infrequently should go over the facts on either side, even expressing their own views, provided they make it perfectly clear to the jury that the responsibility for the decision as to facts rests wholly on the jury.

But, I am asked, how are Judges relieved of political debts? The answer is, by not having any.

In our system the Judge is appointed in fact by the administration of the day. While it is usual to select Judges from the party in power, there is no obligation so

to do. In my time, at least three very eminent Judges have been taken from the party out of power. The Judge is not selected on account of his political activities, though many have been prominent in that regard. But once a barrister is sworn in as a Judge, whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal, he is out of politics. He owes no duty, no thanks to the party that appointed him; and the party does not expect him to continue to be a politician, to take any part whatsoever in political affairs, to favor anyone of his former political party, to pay into the party chest.

I have been an admitted member of the Law Society of Upper Canada for over half a century, a barrister in very active practice for about half that period, and I have never so much as heard a hint or whisper from even the



Photos: Acme

The British Imperial Conference of 1932, meeting in the chamber of the House of Commons at Ottawa. Canada's Governor General, Lord Tweedsmuir, an honorary Rotarian, is shown at right with Lady Tweedsmuir.

most dissatisfied litigant or lawyer, that any Judge was influenced in the slightest degree by his former politics.

A personal instance may illustrate the confidence of politicians in the absence of political bias in the Canadian judiciary. We have a system of appointing Royal Commissions to inquire under oath into any alleged maladministration in any department of the country's business. I was formerly a somewhat active Liberal. Yet I was appointed to head two such Commissions, once by a Conservative, the other time by a Farmers' Party Government.

Does the Canadian system, you ask, make for respect of the law and of the judiciary?

My answer is that few countries have a smaller criminal class than Canada.

As to respect for the judiciary, I speak of the time before I was on the Bench. I would say that undoubtedly we had the highest respect for the Judges. I have no reason to think that that respect is any less now. The reason for this attitude is that the people at large know that the Judges are qualified and act as they see the right.

Finally I am asked, how does the Canadian system operate to avoid continuances and postponements, eva-

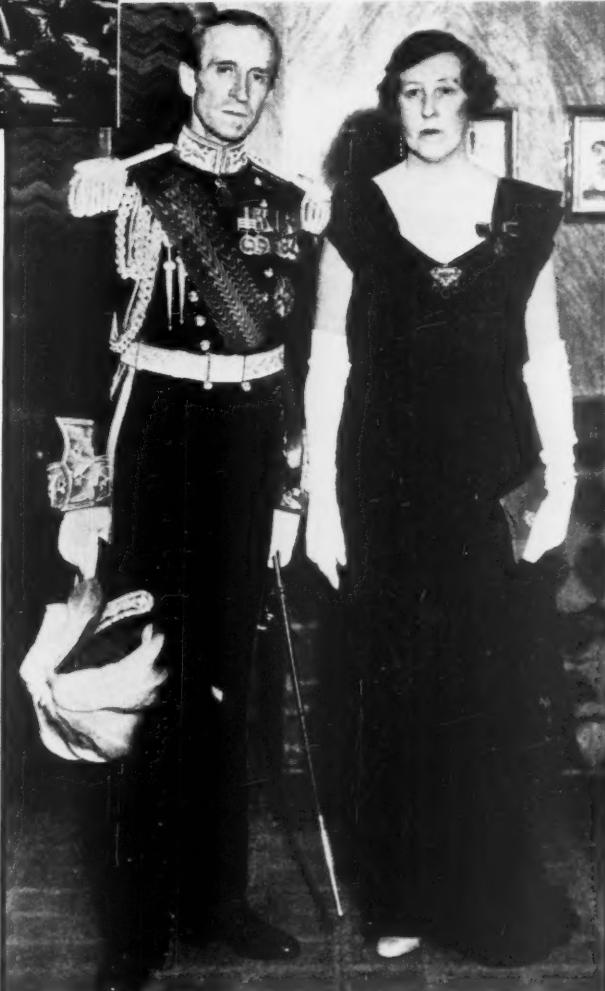
sions of jury service, long-drawn-out selection of juries?

My answer is that our people would not tolerate these things. I never saw it take an hour to get a jury. I never but once saw a challenge for cause.

Our Judges do not allow continuances except where plainly required in the interest of justice; and in such cases the prosecutor does not object.

A criminal trial in our system is not a combat between individuals or between the State and the accused, but is a solemn investigation by the State into the question whether the accused has been guilty of the crime mentioned; and it is as much the duty of the prosecutor to bring out facts in favor of the accused as those telling against him. This theory of criminal prosecution has a tendency to do away with the evils suggested in the query raised above.

In brief, the foregoing outlines our Canadian system of government. It developed in response to the needs of our people. Whether it would suit another country, I cannot say. But I do believe with John Locke that every people have the government they deserve; indeed, I would go further and say that every free people have—or will get—the government and institutions they *really* desire.



The Autos Go Round and Round-



By **William B. Powell**
Traffic Engineer, Buffalo, New York

THE AUTOS go round and round and they come out—"where?" Rarely at the curb-side near the driver's destination, occasionally within a couple of blocks, but usually in some parking lot or garage for 10, 15, 25, 50, or 75 cents—as much as the traffic will bear.

Available street parking space in the business areas of cities is utterly inadequate. The parking problem is hardly less acute in the smaller towns and villages. Traffic engineers and police officials everywhere are confronted with an insistent demand to find a way to put a dozen automobiles in the same place at the same time, notwithstanding the dictum of classroom physics that this is contrary to the immutable laws of Nature.

No wonder the few available spaces are overcrowded, with consequently hooked bumpers and bent mudguards; no wonder there is universal encroachment on restricted zones for fire hydrants, bus stops, safety islands, and merchandise or passenger loading areas. No wonder the driver of an express or mail truck, having to make a delivery in the middle of a crowded block, parks double—and creates one of the worst traffic hazards of congested streets.

So the autos go round and round, seeking that which is not to be found, wasting time and gasoline, increasing traffic density by rolling up needless mileage, turning additional corners to the consternation of unsuspecting pedestrians, and, worst of all, doing all this extra travelling with the attention of the driver distracted by the quest for space. At every corner hasty glances are made in both directions, followed frequently by a disconcerting quick change of course or speed when at last the prize is suddenly sighted as some other car pulls away from the curb.

Hope springs eternal that on *this* trip around the block parking space will be found right where wanted! Some higher mathematician should figure what the odds are against such success, but they must be large, for a count of the cars entering and leaving the congested center of any city will usually show at least ten times as many vehicles therein on a busy day as could be accommodated in the available parking space.

But why should the community provide free parking for the lucky tenth of the motor population, while the

luckless nine-tenths have to pay to leave their cars on somebody's off-street property? The general public would be better served if no parking

Electric lifts for stacking cars at parking lots permit more motorists to be in easy walking distance of office, theater, or shopping center.

whatever were allowed on business streets, leaving the curb free for loading and discharging passengers and merchandise. But just try to sell that idea to the merchants whose properties front upon those curbs!

"It will ruin our business!" they will say. "Do you know what this street frontage costs us?"

"Sure, it is worth a lot of money," we reply, "so much that you can't afford to have it obstructed by a few parked cars. It will pay the highest return only when it is kept clear so that enough customers can obtain easy access to the store."

"But unless customers can park, they will go elsewhere to trade."

"How much is the frontage? Only 50 feet? Why that will accommodate only two or three parked cars. How long should they stay?"

"Well, of course there should be a limit—an hour or maybe only half an hour. The police should enforce the time limit."

"All right," we say, and take out our pencil. "Half-hour limits rigidly enforced, which means that the maximum will be $2\frac{1}{2}$ cars per half-hour, 5 cars an hour, 50 cars in a day of 10 hours, $1\frac{1}{4}$ customers per car on the average, $62\frac{1}{2}$ customers in a whole business day. Would they pay for the high rental of that 50 feet of first-class retail-store frontage?"

"Oh, no—we have to have hundreds every day to make expenses."

"Where do they come from and how do they get to the store?"

"On the trolley cars, perhaps, or busses; lots of them come on foot."

WE can end our colloquy by noting that doubtless many of them did just that—they walked. But it is a safe bet that walking was only the last stage of their approach. They were compelled to walk solely because they could not get to the store front by any other method.

In a few of the largest cities the concentration of business population is so great that many people find it easier to crowd into subway or elevated trains than to drive their cars. It paradoxically happens, therefore, that no parking problem exists in areas where people are most densely packed, the curbs being kept clear for one to alight with ease at his exact destination. Nor is there any complaint from retail merchants on these streets that business is ruined from lack of parking facilities.

But in the average city, provision has to be made for orderly parking on streets wide enough for it without unduly restricting traffic. The commonest regulation is the posting of police orders limiting the time a vehicle may legally stand unattended. But this method, if competently enforced, will divert a substantial portion of the police force from the serious business of crime detection to the task of checking automobile licenses, or making chalk marks on tires. Time lim-

its of less than an hour are practically unenforceable, and even one-hour limits require a surprisingly large personnel.

Some cities are using parking meters. Cars pull into 20-foot lengths marked on the pavement, and the driver drops a coin in the slot of the meter. It is mounted on a post about three feet high. A pointer shows the parking time paid for, and as the minutes pass, the hand moves toward zero. A passing policeman can tell at a glance whether the paying motor-guest has outstayed its welcome.

When people know that their business will detain them longer than the hour for which most meters are set, they either seek some off-street space or are careful to return in time to drop another nickel to hold the green flag up for another period. Occasionally a car is found that has remained illegally for two periods, in which case a call to headquarters brings a tow car to remove it to

Photo: Photographic Illustrations



Down comes an old skyscraper to make room for a parking lot in a large city. Small towns, too, are thus using tax-eating property.

the auto pound, where a substantial fine is imposed for its release.

Perhaps the greatest surprise following the installation of meters has been the attitude of the proprietors of parking lots and garages. They have discovered that the increase in long-time parking customers—who are little bother—has more than offset the loss of the short-timers whose frequent comings and goings were a continual nuisance.

Metered parking, however, is not a final solution to the problem; it awaits a fundamental change in city planning. One school of thinkers, looking far ahead, forecasts a decentralization of industry, with small, airy communities gradually replacing great cities. Another envisions supercities, with many businesses housed in monumental structures large enough to accommodate motorizing tenants and customers.*

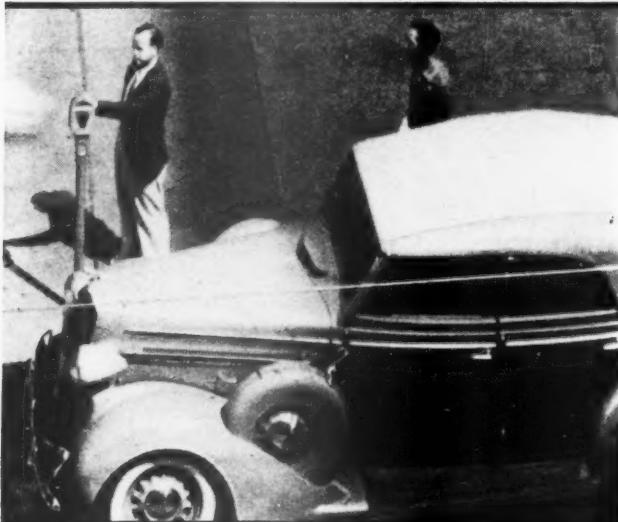
BUT planners who blueprint great, towering structures for the city of tomorrow overlook one vital necessity: a means for quick and easy movement over the parked cars and open spaces from one big building to another. Overhead sidewalks wouldn't really solve the problem, for the walking distance grows in ratio to the density of population and the consequent spread of urban development. Moving sidewalks have been suggested, but they, too, have their limitations.

But back to earth! Spotty progress is being made in the solution of the parking problem by the simple expedient of demolishing old buildings. Owners frequently discover that by razing them, they reduce taxes, net a profit from parkers in the cleared space—and improve the utility of adjacent properties.

Hotels, generally speaking, were the first to realize the practical importance of ready access by motorcars. Certainly it is a joy for the weary motorist at the close of a long day's drive to see the welcome sign "Hotel Auto Entrance Here," knowing that within will be found

* For an interesting discussion of the problem of decentralization, see the debate, *Skyscrapers Doomed?*, Frank Lloyd Wright vs. V. G. Iden, THE ROTARIAN, March, 1936. . . . The meter shown below was invented by Carl C. Magee, a member of the Rotary Club of Oklahoma City, Okla.

Photo: Courtesy, Dual Parking Meter Company



facilities for unloading his luggage in leisurely freedom. A close approximation to this ideal arrangement is the near-by garage for which an attendant stands ready to take charge of the car, but this still involves the annoyance of unloading at the curb.

As yet, few office buildings or theaters have recognized the desirability of furnishing such facilities for their patrons, although they often are near parking lots operated independently. Perhaps there is some excuse for the hesitancy to incur such extra expense because if people want to go to a particular office or attend the theater, they will find a way to do so in spite of inconvenience.

It is the downtown retail merchant who seems most oblivious to the dangers of his position. He blandly permits smaller rival establishments in less congested suburbs to flourish on the trade of shoppers who are loath to brave the hazards of downtown traffic. He blames his misfortune on police regulations, claiming lax enforcement permits the all-day parker to "ruin business," never thinking that his basement might be used to advantage as parking space to attract more worthwhile customers than are caught by a few alleged bargain counters. Rare is the downtown merchant who lures trade to his store by free parking in an adjacent vacant lot or free bus transportation from a more distant parking space to the store.

An airplane picture of almost any city block in the retail section will disclose an irregular unused plot of backyards in the center, which quite frequently are used as the dumping ground for accumulated trash. Here is ground on which taxes are being paid without giving any fair measure of usefulness in return, and which with little expense could be made available to parkers. Projects of this kind would be far cheaper than the street-widening plans frequently suggested.

And when the time comes for rebuilding, let's lick our problem once and forever. . . . We'll clear a whole city block! Around it we will construct a fringe of attractive small shops fronting not only on the surrounding streets, but also on an inner court, sheltered from the weather and lighted from a transparent roof. A sidewalk will give a rear-entrance access to all the stores, which will have display windows similar to those on the street side. Ample driveway entrances will open on this court from at least two streets, and from all if the shape and size of the block permit. If there's demand for it, we will erect a garage in this central area two or more stories high, in which the ground level will be reserved for customers, the upper floors for tenants.

The convenience of shopping in a number of different stores with a minimum of walking *inside* the block instead of around the outside, the protection of both individuals and autos from the weather, the facility of parking and of loading purchases—all these would so contribute to the popularity of our enterprise that everybody will wonder why it wasn't done before!

A motorist drops a coin in a parking meter. A colored pointer will tell a passing policeman how long he stays.

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*It all started at a tender age—when
the author inherited a 12-gauge gun.*

Illustrations by Gene Thornton



The World's Worst Shot

By Harry Elmore Hurd

THIS confession will not be so racy as the private life of Benvenuto Cellini, nor so juicy as the coded *Diary of Samuel Pepys*, but it will be equally frank.

I am the world's worst marksman with a shotgun. If you hold stock in an ammunition company, you are probably supported by me, for I have emptied more shells and killed less game than any living hunter. Nevertheless, I am frequently asked by some sentimentalists, "How can you, a poet, shoot a beautiful partridge?" My answer, like that of Martin Luther, "is without horns or teeth"—"I do not shoot partridges; I merely shoot at them."

But I have been trying to improve my marksmanship ever since I inherited a single-barreled, 12-gauge hammer gun at a tender age. I recall, with not too much pride, those boyhood mornings when I left my snug attic bedroom before sunrise, and prowled through the dawn to a certain hemlock grove for the purpose of luring unsuspecting red squirrels within range of my gun. To this day I suppose I can make a noise like a quartz pebble rolling over false teeth better than can most red squirrels. My decoy was perfect, but my aim was prophetic of the

Being an unvarnished confession of an energetic huntsman who is both sad and glad as he recalls events that give him distinction.

sad-glad biographical notes which I shall here relate.

After years of profanity-provoking pursuits of woodcock and partridges, I resolved to become a duck hunter. Squatting in a blind is easier than slogging through scrub oak and boggy bottoms—besides, a duck is a large target. So I purchased a pump-gun and waited for a ducky morning.

After several uneasy dawns, I was awakened by violent quacking. Dressing quicker than a fireman, I slid down the banister, bolted to the river, and shoved my canoe toward my blind. All the world was sleeping except the ducks and a shivering hunter. Quack-quack . . . quack-quack! My sluggish blood boiled. The mist of morning lifted. My enraptured eyes swept the still water.

Distant birds sculled in the reeds. Two ducks, one of them quacking, rode within easy gunshot. I aimed long and well, then fired. Distant ducks splashed upward: one of my two ducks winged toward his relatives. In my excitement, I held down the trigger and



This picture is a study in deep gray of the author, retrieving his dead Mallard—a boat buoy.

pumped my gun empty. My dead duck did not move. I couldn't for an instant either.

Along the opposite shore, doors and windows creaked open. Gentlemen in nightgowns and women in pajamas gushed onto porches and blinking children leaned from upper windows. Gruff voices yelled very uncomplimentary things at me. My pride shed their words as my prize would throw off water. I would retrieve my Mallard, hold it up for my audience to admire, and then withdraw from the barrage of abuse with dignity. But . . . my dead bird was a boat buoy!

I returned home pumped dry of enthusiasm. Deciding to abandon blind-sitting, I exchanged my 12-gauge for a 16-gauge, a gun that could kill at long range. And the first duck I ever knocked down was with my new gun. It makes quite a story.

A FLOCK of Whistlers whipped over a hill and swung toward the river beyond our blind. I should have waited for them to wheel overhead—but I couldn't wait. Selecting a bird, I took a shot long enough to break a 10-gauge fox gun. The flock veered, all but one—my duck . . . my beautiful Whistler . . . my Canadian visitor! The climaxing event of a lifetime of shivering in duck blinds was upon me!

I watched the bird end-over, then plummet into the alder jungle across the river. Immediately, I was busier than a man picking fleas out of his hair with boxing gloves. Regardless of the fact that my companion was scanning the sky for a shot, I dropped into the canoe and paddled to my dead bird, and clambered ashore. Briars tore my face; windfalls blocked the way. Plunging, with the recklessness of a gambler, I slipped on a root

and fell in mire up to my chin. Fortunately, I saved my gun, twiddling it in the palm of a hand. I wanted to yell for help, but the canoe was on my side of the river. My courage and blood chilled to ice.

Two birds whistled overhead. My companion fired . . . twice . . . then yelled, "Bring that canoe back! I've knocked down two birds!" I didn't like the way he stressed "two birds"—and I was temporarily busy. Indeed, the sun sank upon my search, and before I got out of that mire, the world came near losing its worst shot.

Duck hunting is like going to the office in a Rolls-Royce. You squat on a soft board and wait for wings. Partridge hunting is analogous to jolting over an abandoned road in a 1919 automobile—it's devilish hard work. I've read a lot of loose words about the speed of hummingbirds, but a cock partridge that has been shot at a couple of times makes all competitors look like a prisoner dragging a ball and chain. If you're following a steady setter that keeps in close and works a bird like a tomcat stalking a robin, you have a psychological set when your dog freezes, but when a bunch of mottled feathers whir up under your whiskers without warning—as they do in still hunting—you feel that it's now or never. For me, it was mostly never.

One day I got a tip from a fellow who wrote an article for a sports magazine on *Leading Your Bird*. As nearly as I could figure out, all you have to do is to take along a surveyor's transit, set it up when a bird flushes, sight his flight, plot its course and figure out the exact speed (preferably on a pad of yellow paper), determine the proper lead, aim, and fire. Clad with this new truth, I crawled out of bed one frosty morning, wolfed two

old-fashioned doughnuts, holes and all, and hit the trail.

I was just dipping into a swale when two old "sock-whollopers" buzzed up and headed over a swamp. Perfect flight for a "lead shot"! I performed the necessary operations and calculations, took perfect aim, and pressed triggers one and two, only to find that I hadn't pushed the safety off my gun. That was awfully discouraging, but I didn't quit. Some hours later, a bird volplaned out of a tree directly over my head—another above-the-swamp shot. I was taken off balance, so I cast arithmetic to the wind and wham-banged. The bird listed to starboard and sailed through the trees. Winged? No, I decided—and again took to the trail.

I had just resolved to find a gray squirrel frozen to a wall, steady my gun against a tree, and fire, when I heard something fluttering in a sandpit. With amazing acumen, I knew that my shot over the swamp had brought down a partridge. I dispatched him—but it took both barrels.

Seven miles of attempting to "lead birds" cured me of that folly forever. When I reached home—despite my wife's flattering remarks about my lonely thrice-shot bird—I cleaned and oiled my gun and put it away *forever*. Don't put me down for a quitter, but I'd been hunting for over 30 years with about enough hits to feed a family of four one bang-up Sunday dinner. After I'd dressed my lead-riddled bird, I wrote a poem, in which I warned all birds:

*Here comes the hunter, quiet as a breath,
Bearing in his two hands double death.*

This act of creation made me feel better. I walked back into the busy world full of righteousness until I met a man who promised to transform me into, perchance, the world's best shot. "Stick postage stamps up around the walls of your study," he advised, "swing your gun on the stamps, then check your aim by squinting your right eye along the barrels." I welcomed this new truth with a convert's ardor. During long Winter months I "swung with both eyes open" on assorted postage stamps until, by the following October, I could have shot the eye out of George Washington (on a stamp) with an air-rifle.

It was one of those crispy Autumn mornings when the hills are laced with lavender and the woods are paved with Mycenaean gold when I crowded up beside my mentor and his dog on the front seat of his mud wagon. I felt sorry for the birds. After all, a true sportsman likes to give his prey a flying chance. We hadn't been out of the car ten minutes when a Ringneck gallivanted across

a clearing. It was one of those quartering shots about which a man dreams before the law goes off. I swung and fired. You thought I was going to miss—impossible! That pheasant crumpled up like a folded accordion and stayed folded!

After knocking down my cock pheasant, we switched to ruffed grouse. Like a major surgical operation, it is good to get a painful experience over with quickly, so I'll tell you that my pheasant was the last bird I ever hit swinging "with both eyes on the bird." It took me a score of years to discover that my teacher, who never missed, used a sawed-off 12-gauge gun; all he needed to do was to aim in the general direction of a close bird.

■ I seemed as though I had tried every theory devised by men who get their pictures into the magazines with enough birds to supply a mountain hotel when an old-timer caught me tilting my gun barrels while shooting clay pigeons. Even my dumb brain could understand, after experimenting, that a slight roll of the barrels will throw a shot to the right or left of the target. After that discovery I carried my gun at-swing, making sure that the barrels were as level as a plate of mercury. I'd snoop along the trails like a man sneaking up to a hen coop after moonrise.

I've sworn off hunting a million times, but I, who normally rise by the aid of an alarm clock, roll willingly out of bed at dawn during "open season," stick some apples and doughnuts in my jacket, and "hit the trail." My wife tells me that to explore the swamps and uplands is medicine for a man who bends over books most of the year. When I oil my gun and swear off *forever*, My Lady nudges me at dawn, suggesting, "This ought to be a swell morning for hunting," so I pull on my togs and slip back into the brambly path of the transgressor.

One morning I met a lone fox-hunter, with his dog. We talked. Later, on a hill, up which I had speeded a splendid cock, I heard my friend winding his huntsman's horn and the deep-toned answering bays of his dog. Friend, it was good to be alive!

I am still the world's worst shot, but I am also the world's happiest hunter. Perhaps it is because I seldom kill anything. I have searched from the wilds of Katahdin, in Maine, to the cindered slopes of Mount Lassen, in California, for a worse shot than I, but I have always returned home with my record untouched. If I ever do find a comrade who is a worse shot, I think I shall shoot myself—but I'm afraid I'll miss.



Up to his teeth in muck—but the gun was saved.

Yes, I Was 'Sore' about Extension

By Joel C. Harris, Jr.

Past Governor, Former District 69



Our District Governor will visit us next Monday. He will meet with the Club Assembly at 11 o'clock in the committee room of the Capital City Club. Your attendance is important. Please be on time.

THE FOREGOING is typical of a notice I received once each year during 1926 to 1936 from the headquarters of the Atlanta Rotary Club. The Club had been very kind to me. I had served as Chairman of committees, or as Secretary, Vice President, then President and Chairman of the Board of Directors during that decade. Always at some spot during those ten years in Club Assembly, I had "had to listen" to a new District Governor "spout" about extension—EXTENSION—EXTENSION.

Always nothing came of it. I was a rabid antiextensionist. "These small communities could not support a Rotary Club . . . a Rotary Club couldn't bring anything to a small community . . . if Rotary is as good as I think it is, let 'em *ask* for it; don't go ramming it down their throats . . . it won't last that way," etc., etc.

Well, the District Governor would pull out a sheaf of statistics about the smaller communities in our section, number of business houses, population, and names of other civic clubs. That always "burned me up." Chirped I: "What do those folks up in Chicago know about conditions in Whangdoodle, Georgia?"

Then I would mumble to my nearest companion: "Why all this fuss and feathers about extension? Every blessed Governor who comes into office is injected with the virus of lunacy on this subject. Let's get down to something useful . . . something worth while." Then, our President, whoever he might be, including me, would suggest to the Governor that he leave the list with us—and we would "report later." And mentally, I'd rub my hands and chuckle: "Well, that settles that."

Then I, of all people, became the District Governor-Nominee of the 69th District (now 165th) for the Rotary year 1936-37. And as the young folks who read the "comic papers" used to say: "Little Audrey just laughed and laughed." Yes, all the little Audreys laughed. What was I going to do? they wanted to know. What would be my state of mind when I returned from the International Assembly? Who . . . me? Well, if they started any extension "ballyhoo" at me, it certainly would give me a fine opportunity to tell them what had been on my chest for years. And I would tell them! But definitely. I figured without including fate. During four weeks before the International Assembly, I lay quite

"Will R. Manier, Jr., crossed my path . . . 'I've a job for you,' said Bill, 'that nobody else in Rotary can do.'"



"The best answer I can give to that," said Ches, "is that Bill knows you are from the Atlanta Club and from the 69th District."

sick for three weeks and tried to convalesce in the fourth week. I arrived in Buck Hills Falls, Pennsylvania. I was weak, feeble. My resistance was low.

In the course of routine, I was expected to drop by and talk with representatives of the Secretariat. I was, I knew, to receive the well-known "Extension Folder"—a file of material relating to possible new Clubs in my District. I do now confess that I was not very attentive, even less interested. But here was a young lady, talking to me. After all, she was a lady. So I listened. This was her job, and who was I to make it more difficult for her?

The thought came to me: "This young woman isn't merely going through a routine. . . . She has a genuine personal interest in helping me do something for my District." I tried to perish that thought, but it got stuck somewhere between the lobes of my brain. I was, I reasoned with myself, still a bit weak and wobbly from my illness. Presently the interview closed. I picked up my folder, thanked everybody, and went on my way.

On the third day of the Assembly, Will R. Manier, Jr., crossed my path. I had known "Bill" for a number of years . . . never intimately, but very pleasantly. Up to this time, however, he had never crossed my path. In his mild and unhurried manner, Bill asked if he could have an hour of my time at any hour I selected during the week. Here was the unopposed nominee for the Presidency of Rotary International, asking ME to favor HIM with an engagement. I am normal . . . I like to feel "important," just as you do. "I've a job for you," said Bill, "that nobody else in Rotary can do for me." I had not then read Dale Carnegie's book *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

The "job in Rotary that only I could do" was extension in my beloved District.

I agreed to do what I could, but was frank enough to say to Bill that I was not in accord with his policy. Furthermore, that I was willingly and enthusiastically stubborn on the subject. Bill shocked me. "If you start three Clubs and one goes out of business, you still have two." WHAT! . . . a Club go out of business in the 69th District! A Georgia Rotary Club fail! Why, our 26 Clubs had never even had a "problem child" among them . . . a sacrilege to mention a Club failure. But—I'd "string along" with Bill Manier, if that was what he wanted.

Later, I thought: "Why had Bill prefaced his remarks by saying that he knew I was not enthusiastic about extension? Had my words of wisdom, my stalwart position, finally reached the ears of the higher-ups?"

HAD to lie down and to rest after my session with Will R. Manier, Jr. I got in late to lunch. The most available seat was at a table with Chesley R. Perry, Secretary of Rotary International, and his secretary. There was not much conversation. Lunch was served, and about dessert time I asked "Ches": "How does Bill Manier know that I am opposed to extension?"

"The best answer I can give to that," said Ches, "is that Bill knows you are from the Atlanta Club and from the 69th District." I lost my appetite for dessert. I wished I had learned to snort. I was furious. They could say what they pleased about ME, but NOT about my Club or my District. They sure made me sore—maybe disgruntled is a better word—about extension.

Now, may I skip over the many months since the

International Assembly in June, 1936, and point out that the Rotarians in my District also got very sore when I repeated to them my experience at Buck Hills Falls. They got so irritated that they went out and formed nine new Rotary Clubs in towns which should have had them years ago. Clubs were formed where other civic clubs existed . . . other civic clubs and chambers of commerce that are now healthier for the presence of Rotary.

My fellow workers didn't thrust Rotary down anyone's throat. They merely told the story.

It is but human that every Governor whose District had a fair success in extension feels that he is a Solomon on the subject. He is ready to leap to the rostrum and tell the lads how the job is done. I wish I could do that. I can't. I'm still stunned.

Not a new Rotary Club in Georgia in seven long and lean years, then in an "all-of-a-sudden-12-months" nine new ones—nine new Rotary communities given an opportunity for service.

Without rehearsing the mechanics of Rotary Club formation, I'd like to point out two pitfalls into which fellows, who like me get sore about extension, can easily stumble. They're dug unwittingly by the very sincere Rotarians who make the preliminary surveys of communities to learn whether they have Rotary caliber. Here is No. 1: "We already have a civic club here." It's easy to avoid if you're forewarned—that is, if you are really wide awake to what a Rotary Club can do for a town.

But look out for No. 2! You can trip yourself into it

in a minute if you're not careful. Here is the way in which it is usually put: "This town is too small for a Rotary Club."

You usually will find both Pitfalls Nos. 1 and 2 in the form of opinions put forward by a "surveyor" from a town larger than the one being surveyed. Check them off as being no sound reasons. Of the nine towns in which we formed Clubs, only one was organized in a town "big enough for Rotary."

No, we did not "thrust Rotary" on any community. On the contrary, at one charter presentation of a Club for which Past Governor Edward T. Flanders had been Special Representative, Ed. was acting as master of ceremonies. When the President of the new Club accepted the charter, he said in substance: "It is difficult to see how we can hold any goodwill toward Ed. Flanders. He has had Rotary for years, but never until now has he shared it with us." Whereupon the new Club presented Past Governor Flanders with a beautiful suitcase.

Nine new Clubs in one year in the old 69th District. And "reactionary Atlanta," as did Macon, Georgia, sponsored two of the nine. Little Audrey just laughed and laughed. Perhaps Bill Manier and Ches Perry had a few sly chuckles, too. And I don't know that I blame them.

But Georgia's new District Governor and his Rotarians are still sore about extension. It is going to take quite a lot more new Clubs to put Georgia in a happy frame of mind again, if I'm any judge of the situation.





Students attending the America-Japan Student Conference in 1935 were guests of the Rotary Club of Medford, Oregon, on a trip through Crater Lake National Park in southern Oregon. They are shown here on the rim of Crater Lake.

Young Hands Across the Pacific

By Yasimasa Togo

IF ANYONE should ask me to name the happiest memory of my life, I should quickly tell him of my last visit to America. That was in 1935, when I attended the America-Japan Student Conference held at Portland, Oregon. Two years have gone by, but even to recall that experience makes me happy. No other occasion has made me feel more grateful for hospitality and courtesies, and in trying to find words to express my gratitude, I find myself saying "We should take our hats off" to our friendly hosts.

The "America-Japan Student Conference" may be unknown to readers, so I shall take the liberty of describing it briefly. It began in Japan in 1934 when a group of students, whose leader was Koi Nakayama, invited some 80 American delegates and 20 observers to come to our country. The Conference took place in Aoyama Gakuin College, with a total attendance of about 200 delegates. They were divided in roundtable groups to discuss such subjects as religion, international political problems, economics, and education.

The second America-Japan Student Conference

brought me to America. It was held at Reed College in Portland. Charles M. H. Hall, of Occidental College, at Los Angeles, California, was executive chairman, and Rudie Wilhelm, Jr., son of a Portland Rotarian, was Conference chairman. Fifty delegates came from Japan and 150 from the United States. Following a week of discussions, we had a most enjoyable trip down the West Coast to San Diego, where a world's fair was being held.

Throughout the entire journey, from Seattle to San Diego, we were impressed by the friendly welcome and coöperation given us by Rotarians. And every delegate was especially happy to know that our Conference was recognized as worth while by Rotarians in Japan and in America. As a matter of fact, Rotary had meant very little to most of the Japanese delegates; but now I wonder if any of us could forget these words: "Rotary Club," "Rotarians," "Rotary banner," and that very pleasant "Rotary luncheon."

The third America-Japan Student Conference was held in Japan at Waseda University. About 50 Americans and 150 Japanese attended—and it was a great pleas-



Yasasma Togo on a recent trip with his father, Baron Yasoshi Togo, a member of the Rotary Club of Tokyo.



Picturesque Yosemite Valley provides a setting for the author and a friend during the 1935 Student Conference, which was held in Portland, Oregon.



Rotarian E. M. Heller, Mr. Togo's San Diego host, with his father, Mathias (also a Rotarian), and his mother.

ure again to have shared a Summer with American students.

The fourth Conference was held at Stanford University, in California, in August of this year. As in 1935, some 50 Japanese students attended, crossing the Pacific Ocean, which now seems to us like a small pond. And again, visitors received special courtesies from Rotarians.

There are, of course, difficulties which every participant experiences. Yet, as these Conferences are held year after year, they are being based on more extensive preparations, and each becomes more enjoyable. We who have participated are proud of the way they are developing.

Of the fruits of the Conferences it is too early to speak. But how simple it is to speak of the newly made acquaintances, of the new bond of friendship between youths which tie their countries heart to heart! To me, friendship between young people of different nations seems so important that I even believe it will eventually achieve

something in the direction of establishing world peace. It is obvious that, through understanding, difficulties between nations are most likely to be solved. And it is fair to assume that understanding exists where there is friendship. To have friends and dear friends in another country makes us feel friendly toward that country. Realizing this, I am inclined to regard friendship as an even more valuable fruit of our Conferences than the discussions.

Rotary International, I understand, already has done a great deal to advance friendliness over the world. It is inspiring to see the brotherly feeling among Rotarians wherever they may go. When I visited American Rotary Clubs on the Pacific Coast, it was a pleasant discovery that the Rotary atmosphere is the same regardless of "who" or "where" or "when." I am proud that my father is a Rotarian and I am very happily conscious of the fact that we are working toward the same end.

Nearly three score Japanese students crossed the Pacific Ocean last August to join American students in the fourth America-Japan Student Conference. At Stanford University, California, in an atmosphere of friendliness and goodwill, were discussed such problems as armaments and security, world society and the national State, marriage and family life in Japan and America, the rôle of arts in the two countries. One session was nationally broadcast.



Yes—But That's the Law

By Harry Hirschman

Lawyer, Lecturer, Author

WHEN, A TYRO at the law, I first hung out my shingle in a small town in the "wild and woolly West," I came up frequently against an old-time lawyer who still wrote all his legal papers in longhand and depended on lung power to win his cases. In discussing points of law he had one argument that he considered a clincher, and he used it so constantly that it became a byword with the local bar. It was, "If that ain't the law, it ort to be, for it's the law in Missouri where I come from."

I am not concerned at this time with the law as it "ort to be," though that is one of my main interests as a lawyer. But, for what I hope will be the edification of the reader, I propose here to deal with some timely phases of the law "as is" in the part of the world with which I am most familiar, the United States.

Of perennial interest is the question of the legal rights of landlords and tenants with reference to each other. One form of it was presented in a unique case that came before the Mississippi Supreme Court several years ago. A Mrs. Best had rented a dwelling house from the owner, a certain F. S. Swalm, at an agreed rental of \$35 a month, intending to use it to run a boarding house; and Swalm had agreed to "repair the house" and to put it "in first-class condition." Except that he had "fixed the water" and repaired a screen door, Swalm, however, had done nothing. Soon after Mrs. Best opened the house, one of her boarders had fallen through a banister on the front steps, and Swalm had again agreed to make repairs. A few weeks later, Mrs. Best herself had fallen through the porch banisters and had been severely injured.

And it was on these facts that she sought recovery for her injuries, relying, as the court pointed out, on "the notion generally prevailing in the popular mind" that a landlord must furnish the tenant a safe place in which to live. But that is not the law, and the court denied her any relief. For, all popular beliefs to the contrary, in the absence of a statute, a simple lease of a dwelling or other property carries with it no obligation whatever on the part of the landlord to make repairs. In the absence of fraud or concealment as to some defect known to the landlord and unknown to the tenant, the rule of *caveat emptor* applies and the tenant takes the premises as he finds them.

But now reverse this case. Suppose the tenant has signed a lease containing a covenant to the effect that he will keep the premises in good repair. What are his liabilities if the property is damaged or destroyed? Well, it is safe to say that not one tenant in a hundred realizes what he is letting himself in for when he signs a lease containing such

The tenant takes the premises just as he finds them.



Illustrations by
Ray Inman

a covenant. The truth is that he binds himself not merely to repair but to rebuild the property leased.

One of the earliest American cases in which this question arose was one in which a tenant on a tract of ground in Massachusetts, containing a dwelling, a barn, and fences, had bound himself "to keep in repair, support, and maintain the fences and buildings, saving and excepting the natural decay of the same," and the house and fences were destroyed by fire without the tenant's fault.

IN deciding that he was liable for the value of the house and the fences so destroyed, the highest court of the State remarked that the tenant was "undoubtedly astonished at being called upon to rebuild the house" but declared that the law was so well settled that a formal opinion would not even be justified "were it not for the ignorance generally prevailing in the country of the legal effect of covenants in leases."

May these few paragraphs on the subject help to dispel some of that ignorance! For the rule covers every sort of damage to leased property, such as damages from fire, from lightning, from flood, and from ice, and it is in general effect nearly everywhere.

If you owe a man \$100, can you satisfy the account by paying \$50? In other words, can you discharge an obligation by paying less than the full amount where the same is accepted on that condition by the creditor?

That is another question that arises frequently in these days, when, as one court observed, "many honest men, men of high integrity, sometimes become unable to pay their honest debts." Suppose that a debtor owes you \$500, and, knowing his condition, you agree to accept \$350, and he sends you a check for that amount, marked "Payment in full," which you accept and cash. Will he have discharged the debt so that you cannot collect the balance?

The general answer is, No. But there are numerous exceptions. If the debt is due, undisputed, and liquidated, it cannot be discharged by the payment of any sum less than the full amount unless there is an additional consideration. This consideration may be anything of value. It was once traditionally a horseshoe nail. It does not matter what it is, if this additional consideration is given, a lesser amount than the full sum due will discharge the obligation.

Returning to the tender of a check bearing the notation "Payment in Full," if there is any dispute about the amount due, the acceptance of the check constitutes what the law calls satisfaction and discharges the debt.

A typical case involving this point arose in New York in 1931, when there was a dispute between a discharged employee and his late employer. The employee claimed that he had been employed for a year, but the employer contended that he had merely been hired from month to month. In accordance with the latter version of the contract, the employer had sent the employee a check for the services actually rendered, the check bearing the notation, "In full payment for all sums due and to be-

come due"; and the employee had cashed the check. These facts, the court held, constituted an accord and satisfaction, and the employee could not recover anything more.

Even a protest that the check will not be accepted in full settlement and notice that it is accepted only as part payment will not prevent its operating as a discharge of the obligation where it bears a notation similar to those already described or where it is accompanied by a statement or a letter to the same effect. And erasure of the notation on the check before cashing it, will not change its legal effect.

An obligation is also discharged if an amount less than

And husbands are liable for their wives' torts.



the full amount is accepted in full settlement before it is due, or if the payment of the lesser sum is made by a third party for the debtor, or if a note for a lesser amount with a co-maker or an endorser is accepted. This is so because the courts have realized, as the Pennsylvania Supreme Court said a few years ago, that the old rule is "a deduction of strict scholastic reasoning," "technical and unjust." Thus a payment by a debtor's father of an amount less than the full sum due, or the debtor's note for half the amount due, secured by sureties, discharges the debt when received in full satisfaction. This is also the rule in England.

Speaking of the discharge of an obligation, a point worth knowing is that a promissory note made payable at a bank in which the maker has an account, constitutes a check if presented on the day of its maturity.

I took advantage of this fact once when I had a claim

against an evasive debtor who lived in the Big Bend country of the State of Washington. He owed much and paid but little. And his stock excuse was that he could not collect what was due him until after the crops were harvested in the Fall, when he solemnly assured me he



would be glad to pay. Catching him up on his professed willingness to pay in the Fall, I induced him to sign a note due then and made it payable at a bank in Spokane in which he had an account that he thought was a secret.

On the day that note became due I presented it to the cashier of the bank referred to and demanded payment, only to be laughed at; but when, on my earnest urging and threat to bring suit, the cashier telephoned the bank's attorney, the laugh was soon on someone else. The attorney told him that, if the man had enough in his account to meet the note, there was nothing for the bank to do except to pay; and I walked out of the place with my client's money.

Dickens, it will be recalled, put into the beadle Bumble's mouth the words, "The law is a ass." Bumble was moved to this remark when he was being accused of responsibility for the fact that his redoubtable wife had taken some trinkets from Oliver Twist's mother while she "lay a-dying." He disclaimed participation in the matter and defended himself with the manlike assertion, "It was all Mrs. Bumble. She would do it."

"That is no excuse," severely answered the lawyer; "you were present on the occasion of the destruction of those trinkets and, indeed, are the more guilty in the eyes of the law, for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction."

To Bumble this rule seemed outrageous in the light of his personal experience with the fair sex, and he exclaimed:

"If the law supposes that, the law is a ass—a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law's a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is that his eye may be opened by experience."

In the main, however, the eye of the law has not been opened—the presumption of coercion where a wife commits a crime in the presence of her husband still prevails in at least two-thirds of the States of the Union, though it is not so strictly applied as it was in Dickens' time.

The presumption has never obtained in murder or treason cases. In Iowa it was entirely repudiated in 1930 in a decision in the course of which the State Supreme Court said: "With the emancipation of woman from the disabilities of coverture, the reason for the rule has vanished. . . ."

How this presumption may work in active practice was rather ludicrously demonstrated many years ago in a case in which I appeared for two defendants named Coffin. The female Coffin had taken a shot at a neighbor with a "twenty-two" rifle; and both she and her husband had been arrested and charged with assault with a deadly weapon.

I asked that they be given separate trials, and the husband was placed on trial first. Permitting the wife to testify, as she was eager to do, I easily convinced the jury that the husband, a fellow not weighing 130 pounds, meek and hen-pecked looking, should not be held responsible for the offense committed by his wife, an aggressive person weighing well over 200 pounds and ready to let the world know that she could take her own part against male or female. For all that the evidence showed was that the husband had appeared on the scene just as the Amazonian partner of his joys, after heartily belaboring her victim with her tongue, had raised the gun to fire. The verdict was "Not guilty."

WHEN the wife's trial came on at the following term of court, her husband was not present, having found it convenient at that particular time to be out of the State; and her defense was the ancient presumption that whatever she had done had been done under the duress of her husband, whose insignificance was not in evidence, while her own truculence had been miraculously toned down. The result, believe it or not, was an acquittal. Such an outcome would be impossible now, however, in the State of Washington, as the presumption of duress was abolished by statute in 1909.

But the two verdicts referred to were not the end of the Coffin matter. The injured neighbor later brought a civil suit for damages and recovered. Which raises another question, the question of how far the husband is responsible for the wife's torts—that is, for private wrongs committed by her for the redress of which a civil suit may be maintained.

In the long ago the husband was liable for the wife's

torts even though he was not present when they were committed. Thus, in Vermont many years ago a wife gave a beating to another woman of whom she was jealous because of her husband's apparent other-than-neighborly interest in her; and when the other woman brought suit and recovered judgment, it was the husband who had to pay the fiddler. In California a husband was held liable with the wife in 1902 for an assault and battery committed by the wife out of his presence; and in North Carolina a husband was held liable no longer ago than 1920 for his wife's slanderous remarks made when he was not around.

IN some States, the husband's separate property is not liable for the wife's torts, nor is the community property if the tort is of a strictly personal nature. In Washington this is the rule established by statute; and neither the husband's property nor that of the community—that is, the quasi-partnership of the husband and the wife by virtue of their marriage—could be held liable in a case in which the wife was charged with taking and damaging an automobile belonging to another party. The same is true if the wife drives her own car and negligently injures someone, unless she is engaged in the business of the family.

The general rule is that, where the wife is driving the husband's car and negligently injures someone, the husband's liability is determined by the principle of agency or depends upon the "family use" doctrine. He is liable under the former only where he would be liable if she were some other person than his wife. He is liable under the latter if the car is furnished by him for the use of the family, and she drives it with his expressed or implied consent.

This doctrine is of relatively recent development and cannot be adequately discussed. Formerly, as everyone knows, a married woman had no personality under the law. It was merged in that of her husband. And Blackstone actually said this was so because of the great regard that the Common Law had for the woman. She, therefore, had few rights. In fact, as late as 1876, a prominent Chicago lawyer wrote a book on the "Disabilities Incident to Infancy, Coverture, Idiocy, etc.,," *coverture* meaning marriage, if you happen to have forgotten, which shows how for legal purposes women were classed with children and idiots.

Many disabilities have lain upon the wife; and one of them was her disability to collect her own wages. In this respect, as in many others, there have been vast changes; but in a number of States the wife still cannot collect her earnings unless the husband's consent to her working out can be shown. This was held

to be the law in Michigan as late as 1919, when the court made it clear that her right to collect her earnings was not an absolute one. The same rule is still in effect in other States; and it prevails in nearly all the community property States, the earnings of both husband and wife being community property and under the control of the husband.

There is another related question that deserves a moment's notice—the right of the wife to collect pay for services rendered to the husband. Can she, for instance, demand regular wages for doing the household work?

A typical answer may be quoted from a Texas case covering the point under discussion. "The husband's agreement to pay for services rendered as housekeeper," said the court in that case, "or for the performance of other duties imposed upon her by her marital relation is void, for the reason that she owed such service independently of any contract, which is therefore without consideration, and for the further reason that it is against public policy."

This is the general rule in the United States and in England. In fact, in a number of American States, the husband cannot bind himself or his estate at all to pay her for services rendered to him. In Illinois, the Legislature has provided by statute that there can be no such agreement. But in a number of other States wives have been permitted to recover for services rendered outside the home. In California and Alabama, for example, recovery has been allowed for services rendered in the husband's store; and in Colorado a wife has been given preference for wages earned while cooking on her husband's threshing outfit.

It would be interesting in this connection to enter upon a brief discussion of what the law calls *necessaries*—the food, shelter, clothes, furniture, medical attention, and similar things necessary for the family according to its social and financial standing. I can only pause, however, to mention the fact that in New York the services of a detective employed by the wife to shadow her husband are not *necessaries*, and that even in Massachusetts it has been held within the last four years that a college education is not a "necessary."

In concluding, may I recall the witty reply of a noted Massachusetts lawyer who was interrupted on a certain occasion while making an argument before the highest court of that State?

"That, sir," abruptly and gruffly said one of the judges, "is not the law."

"It was the law," suavely answered the lawyer, "before your Honor spoke."

The moral is that what I have stated here to be the law may be changed tomorrow by the word of a judge or the act of a legislature. Landlord-and-tenant relationships may vary. New interpretations may even be given as to what are "necessaries." In spite of that, it behooves the wise man to know what the law is now.



In New York, a detective to spy on a husband is not a "necessary."

Illegal Lending Is Bad Business

By William Trufant Foster

Author, Educator, and Economist

ILLEGAL lending is bad business. Bad, that is, for everyone but the illegal lender. He takes care of himself rather well. Although as a rule he charges only 120 to 320 percent a year, he sometimes charges as high as 1,000 percent. And he is not a provincially minded fellow: he carries on in nearly every country—but we shall confine ourselves in this article to the *genus* as we find it in the United States.

There is the case, for example, of a girl clerk in a Minnesota railway office who in 14 months paid \$125 interest on a \$25 loan and still owed the \$25. The lender received 429 percent a year. In Kentucky, until recently a haven for illegal lenders, the sworn testimony of a high-rate chain operator showed that a \$25 loan, repaid weekly over a period of three months, cost \$17.50. That is in excess of 500 percent a year. In another case a borrower was asked to pay \$5 interest for one month's use of \$10. That is 600 percent a year. In that case the borrower failed to pay on the dot, so the lender garnished the borrower's wages and made him lose his job. The suffering of such victims is real enough: more than one has committed suicide. Our purpose, however, is not to plead the cause of the poor borrower, but to show how the illegitimate loan business hurts all legitimate business.

Start with a few basic facts:

1. Wage earners want to borrow money in a pinch.
2. They will pay a high price, if necessary.
3. In all large commercial and industrial centers, the demand is strong, and where the demand is strong, a supply is provided—always.
4. Loans are supplied within the law in those States where the law permits charges sufficient to cover the costs. In other States and in the District of Columbia, most consumer loans are made in violation of the law. Any borrower who can back up his promise to pay with good collateral, responsible endorsers, or other special guaranty, can borrow from a low-cost agency—the personal loan department of a commercial bank, a credit

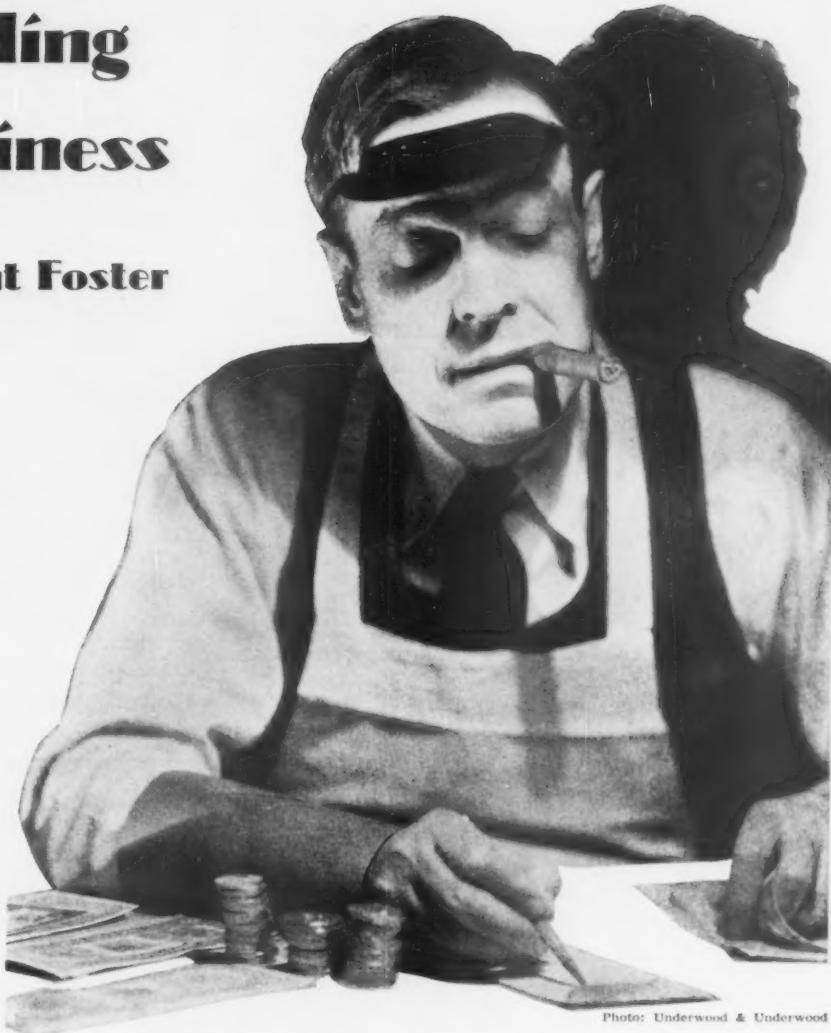


Photo: Underwood & Underwood

"Merchants know families deep in debt are sick customers."

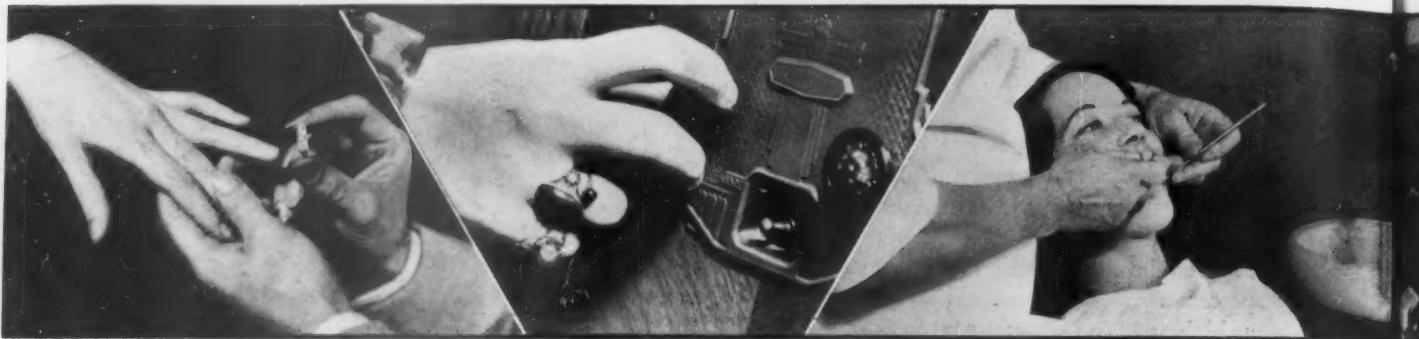
union, a remedial loan society, or a Morris Plan or other industrial bank. These agencies are doing a good job. But they don't go far enough; together they do not account for one-half the dollars of credit extended by specialized consumer lenders. In number of loans, they supply a still smaller proportion, for their average loan is comparatively large.

Since the majority of borrowers lack access to a credit union and cannot or will not offer collateral or endorsements, they must seek elsewhere for credit. The fact that they are second-grade risks does not make their need any less; in general, the more slender their resources, the more pressing is their need. The majority of consumers who want small, unsecured loans must get them from one of two agencies: the *unlicensed* lenders who evade the usury laws, or the *licensed* lenders who operate under laws specially devised to control them.

It is beside the point whether you, with other resources at your call, would borrow at the rates necessary to supply this vast demand. Families sorely in need of funds are determined to borrow, and there are always lenders willing to lend at a price. No crusade to destroy the business has ever achieved more than fleeting results. Lending goes on, whatever the law. The only prac-

tical question, despite bad-smelling fish drawn across the trail by those who are making money unlawfully, is this: Which is better for the people generally and for business as a whole, unlicensed lending or licensed lending?

All business has a stake in the problem. No concern with anything to sell can afford to ignore a force which undermines the purchasing power of its customers.



Photos: (Left to right) (1) Underwood & Underwood; (2) and (3) Photographic Illustrations, Inc.

Secrecy is a watchword of unlicensed lenders. However, sample studies show that on illegal loans of about 125 million dollars, the loan charges amount each year to about 300 million dollars. Sizing up the licensed small loan companies is easier. Annual reports to State supervisory departments indicate that their outstanding loans are about 250 million dollars, on which they gross about 80 million dollars a year. In other words, per dollar of credit, the unlicensed lenders charge roughly eight times as much as the licensed lenders.

According to popular notion, the customer of the bootleg lender is a down-and-out fellow who wonders where his next nickel is coming from. That is a false notion: no one is granted a loan unless he has an income at least large enough to meet interest charges. Teachers, railroad workers, municipal employees, are favored for exploitation.

Why, then, should the one kind of lender charge eight times as high a rate as the other? The answer is two-fold: business efficiency, and profits.

BOLD as the unlawful lender often becomes, he tries not to stick his neck out too far. His typical office is located in a downtown office building on the third floor back. His capital is scattered among several offices, operated under several names, partly to dodge the law enforcers. Testimony taken in a court case prior to the enactment of the Kentucky Small Loan Law, disclosed that a typical loan office of one chain had \$10,000 to \$15,000 outstanding in loans. The legal chain requires \$75,000 to \$100,000 per office for economical operation. Without large volume, duties of the office staff cannot be split up among loan manager, bookkeeper, and collector; and if the staff cannot specialize, it cannot operate efficiently.

Illegal loans, moreover, are high-risk loans. The lender who defies the law is an outcast. Inevitably he lends to a great many who have no right to credit. For

the same reasons, collections are difficult: the law evader cannot rely on the aid of the law. He uses threats, intimidation, and, sometimes, as a last resort, beatings by hired thugs. In some places he has to pay money down the line for bribery, or suffer from the action of the courts. Despite harsh tactics, his losses run several times as high as those of licensed lenders.

When the illegal lender buys salaries, he often re-

quires payment of the entire principal and interest at the end of a week or two; and if this demand is impossibly heavy—as it usually is—the borrower is given no alternative but to pay the interest and take a new loan of the same amount. Thus the borrower is kept continuously in debt, which is just what the lender desires. If a loan can be kept out for a year or so, the interest at 20 percent a month covers not only expenses and a good profit, but also return of the lender's capital. Thereafter anything that can be collected on the principal is "velvet."

Illegal lending is bad business because it fails miserably in accomplishing the main purpose of legitimate lending, which is the refinancing and gradual liquidation of debts previously incurred. To start with, the illegal interest itself is so large that many slim budgets could stand no more, even if partial principal payments were allowed. Moreover, the amounts loaned are generally too small to cope with a serious jam. The borrower whose troubles are not solved with one loan seeks another, then another, piling debt upon debt, until bankruptcy appears the only way out.

In Minnesota, which is infested with high-rate lenders, the wage-earner bankruptcy rate is many times higher than the rates in most States. In Minnesota, in 1935, two out of three wage-earner bankrupts owed money to high-rate lenders, and many bankrupts had from ten to 20 loans apiece. Similar conditions existed in Kentucky before that State passed a workable small loan law.

Yet, though the harsh demands of high-rate lenders force wage earners into bankruptcy, it is the considerate creditors who suffer most. In 1935, liabilities of Minnesota wage-earner bankrupts to illegal lenders were only \$127,044, but to general creditors, \$663,165. Bankruptcy usually results in a total loss to everyone, to the reasonable creditors along with the grabbers. In Minnesota, losses to general creditors from wage-earner bankruptcies increased fivefold between 1920 and 1935. As one de-

partment-store credit man in Minneapolis puts it, "The illegal loan shark gets his. We are left holding the bag."

Merchants know families deep in debt are sick customers. *Illegal* loans drive families further into debt. The typical *legal* loan, on the other hand, is deliberately planned to extricate a family from debt. For the most part, therefore, legal lending is good business—good for

highly developed. Where the law is enforced, legal lending is good business.

Why, then, have only half the States adopted regulatory laws with rates sufficient to make them effective? Why do some States, such as Georgia and New Hampshire, adopt effective laws, only to nullify them later by reducing rates below the level at which the business can be conducted at a reasonable profit?



Photos: (Left to right) (1) Photographic Illustrations, Inc.; (2) H. Armstrong Roberts.

business as a whole, agricultural as well as commercial.

The heavy expenses of conducting a business in violation of the law go a long way toward explaining extortionate charges, but not all the way. Profits likewise are far higher than one could expect from a legitimate business. Ask yourself what you would judge to be a fair return from a venture which involved sacrifice of your self-respect and your standing among your fellowmen. You would not even consider it. Those who do engage in the illegal business demand a compensating return, and get it.

Even in the depressed years 1931 to 1934, one family withdrew \$227,900 from their illegal loan system; and during the hard sledding at the depth of the depression, another unlicensed chain lost money in many of its far-flung offices, and still made an estimated 36 percent on its total employed assets. Obviously, all legitimate business suffered.

The legal lending business is in sharp contrast with the illegal business. Legal companies operate not in defiance of general usury laws, but in strict conformance with special statutes. Twenty-nine States have laws following the lines of the Uniform Small Loan Law; and in 25 of these the permitted rates are sufficiently high to enable small borrowers to be served within the law. In the other 23 States and the District of Columbia, legal rates are so low that a large proportion of borrowers must either cross State lines for loans or go to illegal lenders.

Legal companies must take out licenses, and they lose those licenses if they do not toe the mark. Loans range from \$15 or \$20 to \$300, the legal maximum. On the principle that it is better to spend \$1 in administration expense than \$1.10 in bad-debt losses, risks are carefully investigated and collections energetically pursued. On the other hand, chattel mortgages on household effects taken as security are rarely foreclosed. Volume per loan office is relatively large. Administrative technique is

Part of the answer is that many of the nonregulated States are agricultural. Farmers are accustomed to 6 to 10 percent interest. They do not consider the difference in cost between their large, well-secured, single-payment loans and the wage earner's small, unsecured, installment-repaid loans. They revolt against legalizing interest rates of 30 to 42 percent a year, not realizing that the alternative for literally millions of hard-pressed families is the illegal lender's 120 to 320 percent a year. Farmers are only slowly beginning to see that the welfare of their city-dwelling customers is *their* concern. Financial health for urban food buyers means good business for farmers.

THE most powerful opposition to workable laws, however, comes from those who, for their own gain, play on ignorance. Unlicensed lenders do not give up their lucrative business without a fight: undercover they promote "civic movements." Masquerading under high-sounding names, they enlist the sympathies of well-meaning but poorly informed protectors of the poor man. They attack the maximum rate embodied in successful small loan laws, because they know that if much lower rates are enacted, they will be free to charge rates several times as high, unhampered by competition from legal agencies.

Business interests do not want wolves in their fold. They have said so over and over again. Better Business Bureaus and chambers of commerce have fought a good fight. These organizations, together with the State Federation of Labor, succeeded in restoring a workable rate for West Virginia, after a "2 percent bill" had resulted in a scourge of illegal lending at ten times that rate.

Businessmen know that it creates illwill toward business in general to have men in any line operating in violation of fair play. And they know that if business ever needed goodwill, it needs goodwill now.

The ROTARIAN

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ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

A Domestic Affair

DOFFICIALS of Rotary International are not in a position, as this issue of THE ROTARIAN goes to press, to make any statement about the Rotary situation in Germany concerning which there have been press dispatches. Whatever it may be, it is a domestic matter of that country, and Rotarians may be sure that it is having earnest consideration by Rotary Clubs and their members there. Any criticism or comment or any efforts to be helpful from outside would very likely be embarrassing to them.

At a later date there may be something to be said. For the present, however, let Rotarians patiently await the result of negotiations within the country concerned, and hope that Rotary will not be compelled to lose any good Rotarians from its world-wide fellowship of business and professional men united in the desire for understanding, goodwill, and peace.

Rotary in 50 Words or So

FACING PLAIN facts, any thoughtful Rotarian will realize that Rotary often is misunderstood by those who write and speak publicly. This is strange, for in most cases the critics have personal policies strangely similar to the Aims and Objects of the organization they delight to decorate with darts.

The reason for this anomaly is likewise plain. We, as Rotarians, have not sufficiently well interpreted Rotary. Perhaps this is due less to fuzzy thinking than to a halting vocabulary, but to bring the whole problem out in clear relief, ask any Rotarian to explain briefly and precisely his conception of Rotary. If he can meet those specifications short of 200 words, he is an unusual Rotarian.

President Maurice Duperrey, with the plummetlike logic characteristic of his race, goes directly to this point in his current message to Presidents and Secretaries of the 4,300-odd Rotary Clubs of the world. What is needed, he says, is that Rotarians themselves have "an

exact and clear idea of what Rotary is." He suggests this definition:

"Rotary International is a world-wide association of men of goodwill, without distinction as to religion, political or philosophical opinion, or nationality, and who are animated with the ardent desire to serve society and in order to serve that ideal are resolved to seek all that which brings people together and to avoid all that which separates people."

It is brief, exact, clear. If committed to memory, it would be a handy conversational shield to foil the question, "What, after all, is this Rotary business?" until the second line of wits can come forward with actual stories of how Rotary works and what it is achieving.

Via the Seas to Wisdom

THE DRIVE that sends the young person adventuring is mostly sensual. It's the wish to try fresh, flexible senses on a thousand new things. Travel gives him that chance.

Yet, travel gives him more. After the tastes and sights and sounds of a new place shed their novelty, he notes that the people and their homes are pretty much like his own, that families love their hearthsides and want to keep them happy just as his own family does. These things he does not forget.

Yasmasa Togo, a young Japanese student who has found it so, tells about it elsewhere in this issue. He and hundreds of his young compatriots who have visited the United States, know the United States. And their hosts, American collegians who, in turn, have visited Japan, know Japan.

International youth exchange grows commoner daily. It's a slender beam of light in a world darkly shadowed by war clouds. Such visits as the following, though not widely heralded, may be important insurance policies against future wars.

During past Summers the Rotary Club of Vienna, Austria, has sponsored a Summer camp for sons of Rotarians in all parts of Europe. At one session of the international

camp 120 young men were present. Swiss Rotarians have conducted a similar camp.

A little more than a year ago, 24 English girls, all daughters of British Rotarians, sailed to the United States, met again their American sisters who had visited them similarly a year earlier, dined with Rotary Clubs, and learned, firsthand, to know the land and its people.

The Rotary Club of Durban, Union of South Africa, once entertained 40 boys of the Young Australia League, and Rotary Clubs in Japan and China feted a group of girls from the same organization.

Rotarians of the State of Georgia and of England have made possible the exchange of a quartette of youths, who after spending many months "on the other side," described for many Clubs their impressions of the land.

Two Rotarians, one in California, the other in Mexico City, D. F., exchanged their sons during a recent school year. Eager to do it, the sons found the plan even more pleasant and instructive than they had hoped.

Looking Ahead

IN THE LUSH pre-depression year of 1927-28, a total of 305 Clubs were admitted to Rotary International. It was the high-water mark up to that time. But a year ago in the minds of a group of men keenly interested in the welfare of Rotary grew the conviction that 1936-37 could and should beat it. They were right. They started a groundswell of enthusiasm that set a new mark of 348.

It is interesting to note the distribution of these new Rotary units:

Continent	Number of Clubs
Africa (South of Equator)	0
Asia	18
Australia and New Zealand	11
Continental Europe	42
Great Britain and Ireland	20
Latin America	36
United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda	221
Total	348

This on August 16 brought the total number of Rotary Clubs in the world (including the 29 Clubs in Spain) to 4,357, and the estimated Rotarians to 184,000. If the goal of 500 new Clubs, set for 1937-38, is realized, even a garden-variety optimist would prophesy that Rotary will pass the 5,000-Club mark in 1938-39 and the total number of Rotarians in the world will be soaring around the 200,000 point.

Rotary Has a Foundation

BEINGAMIN FRANKLIN, he of homely common-sense, made a mistake of which the effects still linger. Impressed by the hardships of indentured apprentices, he set up in Boston and New York an endowment to aid them in perpetuity. Though the motive was excellent, it took no account of the fact that the system of indentured apprentices was one day to pass.

But Franklin is of a large company. Thousands of persons, since the day one pious soul established an endowment to care for crusaders invalided home from Palestine, have given or bequeathed funds for causes since beached high and dry by the tides of change. Credit, therefore, accrues to those who have charted the Rotary Foundation, which soon will launch organized effort to raise \$2,000,000. While the Rotary Foundation will not lack for specific objectives, it is so set up that its strength can be used with effectiveness at points where the fabric of our society may be weakening.

When the campaign starts, it is likely to meet with a quick and sympathetic response from those interested in organizing intercountry groups of business and professional men known as *Petits Comités* or in local institutes of international understanding or in the wider extension of Rotary.

Few men can endow great hospitals, establish general educational boards, finance art museums, or underwrite health movements as have the Rhodes, Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Mellons. Indeed, thoughtful commentators say that the day of great private fortunes and munificent donors is waning. The Rotary Foundation, therefore, is in accord with the trend of the day for it brings to the ordinary individual, no less public-spirited than the great benefactors, an opportunity to share in advancing worthy causes.

Shrouds, it has been said and should be remembered, have no pockets.

13 Ways to Kill a Club

NOW making the rounds of Rotary Club publications is a list of "13 ways to kill a club," said to have originated within the ranks of another service club. Its general applicability leads appropriately to the reproduction below:

1. Don't attend meetings, but if you do, plan to arrive late.
2. Be sure to leave before the meeting is adjourned.
3. When at meetings, vote to do everything, then sit and do nothing.
4. Take no part in the organization's affairs.
5. Be sure to sit in the back so that you can talk "it" over with a friend.
6. Get all that the organization offers, and give the organization nothing.
7. Never ask anyone to join the organization.
8. Talk coöperation, and never coöperate.
9. If asked to help, always say, "I haven't time."
10. Never accept an office, because it is easier to criticize than to do things.
11. If appointed to a committee, never give any time or service to it.
12. When you receive a statement for your dues, ignore it.
13. Never read publications or anything pertaining to the organization.



A Legion of Perfect Attenders

THESE men have a record of perfect Rotary attendance dating back for 12 years or more. Two, it will be noted below, have reached the 19-year mark; many others trail closely behind.

(1) Frank P. White, department store, 13 yrs., (2) David T. Coiner, refinery oil products distributing, 13 yrs.—both of Waynesboro, Va.

(3) Gardner H. Carpenter, overhead garage doors, 13½ yrs., (4) Arthur E. Bent, lumber retailing, 15½ yrs., (5) George W. Cokell, photographer, 15½ yrs., (6) Edward H. Howard, consulting engineer, 15 yrs.—all of Framingham, Mass. (Mr. Carpenter is now a member of the Marlborough, Mass., Club); (7) Dr. E. R. McLean, gynecology and obstetrics, 15 yrs., (8) Dr. Walter T. Townsend, dentistry, 13 yrs.—both of Cleveland, Miss.

(9) John F. Arner, fire insurance, 15 yrs., (10) George E. Gray, attorney, 15 yrs., (11) William F. Hofford, silk goods manufacturing, 15½ yrs.—all of Lehighton, Pa.

(12) P. D. Vedova, showcard writing, 12½ yrs., (13) H. Hyland Hinman, draying and hauling, 12 yrs., (14) Harold E. McCarthy, title insurance, 12 yrs., (15) Joseph Z. Todd, sash and door distributing and manufacturing, 12 yrs., (16) Sam Samuels, watch and clock repairing, 12 yrs., (17) Howard D. Ainsworth, extension trucking frames manufacturing, 12½ yrs., (18) Edward T. Grove, kitchen utensil distributing, 12½ yrs., (19) Dr. Charles E. Peters, radiography, 13 yrs., (20) Max Horwinski, associations, community chest, 19 yrs., (21) George A. Hughes, outdoor advertising, 13 yrs., (22) Harry G. Williams, coal retailing, 16 yrs., (23) Benj. F. Kopf, building construction, 17 yrs., (24) Lee H. Newbert, gas and electric service, 17 yrs., (25) Henry L. Hinman, draying and hauling, 16 yrs., (26) Harvey B. Lyon, storage household goods, 15 yrs., (27) Thomas B. Bridges, business colleges, 13½ yrs., (28) Edmund Horwinski, poster printing, 13 yrs., (29) William E. Dean, collections and credit service, 14 yrs., (30) William H. A. Fischer, printing, 14 yrs., (31) Lewis C. Thunen, business colleges, 13 yrs., (32) August L. Gerhard, photoengraving and electrotyping, 13 yrs., (33) Dr. Alex. C. McDaniel, osteopathy, 17 yrs.—all of Oakland, Calif.

(34) John B. Howarth, fire insurance, 12½ yrs., (35) Walter L. Connelly, building contractor, 12½ yrs.—both of Birmingham, Mich.

(36) Clarence Bronson, attorney at law, probate, 14 yrs., (37) John Duncan, piano dealer, 16 yrs., (38) Vernon Hodges, wallpaper distributing, 13 yrs., (39) William McLean, dairy products, 13 yrs., (40) Arthur Morse, power machinery and supplies broker, 13 yrs., (41) Frank Terrell, amusement shore, 16 yrs.—all of New Haven, Conn.

(42) Lt. Col. C. S. Bullock, lecturing, 13½ yrs., (43) G. Thad. Nethercutt, architecture, 13 yrs., (44) Frank M. Boone, savings and loan associations, 16½ yrs.—all of South Bend, Ind.

(45) E. D. Hirsch, drugs retailing, 18½ yrs., (46) Charles E. Johnson, gasoline filling station, 15½ yrs., (47) Dr. Warren T. Heaps, physician, 12½ yrs.—all of Kewanee, Ill.

(48) Jess Shultz, railroad transportation, 17½ yrs., Mt. Carmel, Ill.; (49) Lloyd Hollister, publisher, 13½ yrs., Wilmette, Ill.; (50) G. L. Gulickson, photographer, 14 yrs., DeKalb, Ill.; (51) Dr. P. F. Hinson, dentist, 13 yrs., Yale, Okla.; (52) John S. Groff, men's clothing retailing, 15½ yrs., West Chester, Pa.

(53) Sig. J. Pentler, shoe manufacturing, 19 yrs., Wausau, Wis. (now a member of the Palo Alto, Calif., Club); (54) Dr. Fred U. Davis, physician and surgeon, 17½ yrs., Faribault, Minn.; (55) Dr. Howard Mellor, oculist, 15½ yrs., West Chester, Pa.; (56) W. R. Prewitt, flower growing, 12½ yrs., Forest City, Iowa; (57) C. H. Manley, Jr., newspaper publishing, 18½ yrs., Junction City, Kans.; (58) Glenn A. Shafer, coal operator, 16 yrs., Pana, Ill.

(59) Floyd F. Maxwell, radio retailing, 13½ yrs., Dearborn, Mich.; (60) Dr. Dorsey E. Hooper, dentist, 12½ yrs., Boonville, Mo.; (61) Fred C. Clark, funeral directing, 12½ yrs., Circleville, Ohio; (62) W. E. Mattingly, furniture retailing, 14 yrs., Hazard, Ky.; (63) Sam T. Pate, iron works, 17 yrs., Kinston, N. C.; (64) Henry B. Coleman, wheel manufacturing, 15½ yrs., West Chester, Ill.

(65) Lloyd C. Henning, fire insurance, 14½ yrs., Holbrook, Ariz.; (66) Burt Lockhart, newspapers, 12½ yrs., Pittsburgh, Tex.; (67) C. A. Lundahl, drugs retailing, 15 yrs., Logan, Utah; (68) Henry Clay Sincell, men's clothing retailing, 12½ yrs., Oakland, Md.; (69) Charles H. Turner, Y.M.C.A. secretary, 17 yrs., Port Jervis, N. Y.

(70) Henry B. Kliewer, commercial banking, 13 yrs., Cherokee, Okla.; (71) Joseph E. Leberman, past service, 13½ yrs., Sheboygan, Wis.; (72) H. A. Hopkins, periodical publishing, 13½ yrs., St. Clair, Mich.; (73) Edward A. Shaw, past service, 14½ yrs., Portland, Me.; (74) Arthur E. Goyette, woolen manufacturing, 12 yrs., Peterborough, N. H.

Photos: (1 & 2) Manning; (3) Purdy; (9, 10, & 11) Miller; (33) Boyé; (34 & 35) Arnold; (41) Crosby; (44) DeGaudre; (47) Budlong; (49) Toloff; (52) Belt; (53) Colby; (54) Mee; (55) Hollander & Feldman; (58) Gibson; (61) Young; (62) Hazard; (64) Belt; (66) Lockett; (70) McConkey Photo News; (71) Kuether; (73) Hanson; (74) Harris & Ewing.

Rotary Is on the Tasmanian Shield



Photos: (Top) Beattie's Studios; (right) E. O. Hoppé from Black Star

Curiously shaped like an escutcheon is this island. You'll find it on your map near the southeast corner of its neighbor, Australia.

MAYBE you've forgotten, but you, too, probably played the game—the schoolboy's game of "seeing things" on a world map. Italy was a boot, Scandinavia a rampant lion, Madagascar a bean—these and what not besides emerged from the islands and seas as you cocked your head and squinted your eyes.

But do you remember the shield? Perhaps not. It's tiny. It's dwarfed by the largest of islands. Yet it's a perfect shield such as you see in the back pages of big dictionaries and in the books on heraldry.

It's Tasmania!

But Tasmania is an Australian State, you always thought? So it is, but more than 140 miles of sea roll between the Commonwealth and this south-lying segment of it.

Tasmania is important. If to you it suggests nothing but kangaroos and laughing jackasses (solemn, sagacious chaps they are), keep the fact to yourself for a moment.

Tasmania is important because it's

(Top) To the summit of Mt. Wellington goes this new \$100,000 highway, affording a magnificent view over Hobart and the countryside.

(Right) Because of comparatively recent geological movements, rapids, like those in Cascade Gorge at Launceston, add to Tasmania's charm.

"home" to 216,000 persons . . . because, to the intelligent, no part of the world is unimportant.

Aboriginal tribes once inhabited Tasmania, but have disappeared. The Dutch navigator Tasman found it in 1642—named it Van Diemen's Land after his sponsor. More than two centuries later its people gave it the discoverer's name.

But let's leap the centuries, skirt the coastline, and take some peeps inland in passing.

Tasmania is small. It is 190 miles wide, 180 long. Its area, which includes that of many small islands, is that of Scotland's. Yet so various, yes, so rough, is its topography that there are said to be



spots among its streams and gorges, valleys and lakes, forests and plains, that have seldom if ever been searched.

Cradle Mountain, the island's loftiest, offers the sort of air that can be had only at 5,000-foot elevations. Yet all the island breathes cool, moist air and reminds the traveller of Ireland and England. Still, the climate is unpredictable enough to be interesting.

"Tiers," or plateaus, step up the island's north slope. Countless lakes ripple in her valleys. And trees! Tasmania's

natural vegetation is said to be the most valuable in the Commonwealth. Her eucalyptus trees, genteel 250-foot fellows with shaggy bark, her gums, her "myrtles," her pines, and all the rest cover almost a tenth of her total area, a high proportion. Once it was greater, but, as elsewhere, ambitious but short-sighted men did too much chopping, too little thinking.

Tasmania is far from poor. She mines silver, lead, copper, gold, zinc, tin, iron, and other metals. She has plenty of clay

trade can berth at the piers. Large ocean liners call regularly from November to June, bringing loads of tourists from February on.

Besides the normal amenities of city life—streetcars, picture theaters, dance halls, etc.—Hobart possesses, it is said, an aesthetic appeal that is unique. It is Australia's second oldest city, and it has a dignified mellowness—a blend of the old and the new—that pleases.

Launceston is another metropolis. It and its suburbs house some 28,000 per-

sons. It lies among low stream-cut hills of charm. It is the outlet to the sea for a productive agricultural region in the north; a favorite tourist resort; an industrial center for smelting, woolen milling, ceramics, furniture making, etc. Exports are mainly wool, fruit, and other agricultural products.

Devonport, the State's third port, has a population of 7,000.

Hobart has just been host to the tenth Conference of Rotary District 65, Australia. For Rotary is well known in Tasmania. Hobart, Launceston, and Devonport think of their Rotary Clubs as institutions without which they would suffer.

The year 1924 saw the organization and election of the first two Clubs and the last was established four years later. Frequently the three Clubs meet together to eat, to play golf, to hear lectures, to discuss common problems, to enjoy each other's company—or simply to go sightseeing.

Boys work, Scouts, high-school essay-writing contests, aid to orphans, and other sorts of Community Service are the concern of these Clubs. And for diversion they celebrate ladies' nights often.

Rotary is making itself felt in Tasmania. Rotarians visiting from other lands like the hospitality they find there and like to sing what seems to be the favorite melody in the several Clubs, *Waltzing Matilda*.

A peer among great harbors of the world is Hobart. This capital city of Tasmania is bounded on one side by a busy, well-sheltered harbor and on all other sides by rare scenery.



Photos: E. O. Hoppé from Black Star

Heavy fleece protects these sheep from the snow—for Tasmania is so far south that it has Winters. But they come in June, July, and August.

for the strongest of bricks, the finest of pottery.

And these goods make jobs—mining, smelting, refining, timbering, ceramics. Other Tasmanians sustain themselves comfortably in dairying, sheep raising, farm-implement manufacturing, leather tanning, chemical manufacturing, and shipping. Fruit grows well on this pleasant island and has become an industry of note. Tasmanian apples are famous. Jam factories handle part of the crop. Exporters sell much of it fresh.

Of course, the island has its quota of professional men, doctors, lawyers, dentists, educators, clergymen, etc., and its tradesmen and merchants. But these concentrate in the cities—of which Tasmania has several of good size.

Hobart, the capital of the State, is one. It has 60,000 people and is picturesquely situated on the lower foothills of Mount Wellington. Much-travelled visitors say that the world offers few finer panoramas than that unfolded from the summit. The city lies below, and away in all other directions lie picturesque mountain peaks and ranges.

Hobart's harbor ranks with the world's best. It is well sheltered and easy of access. The largest ships in the Australian



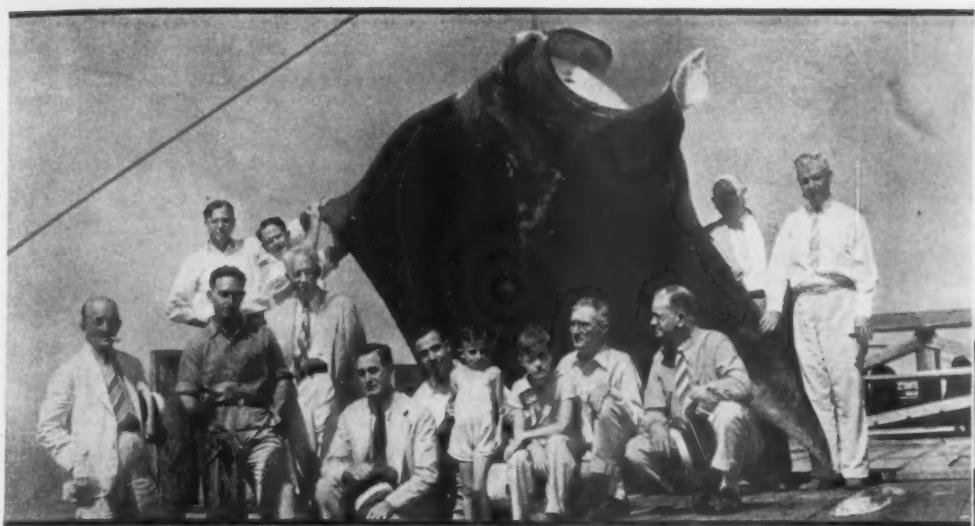
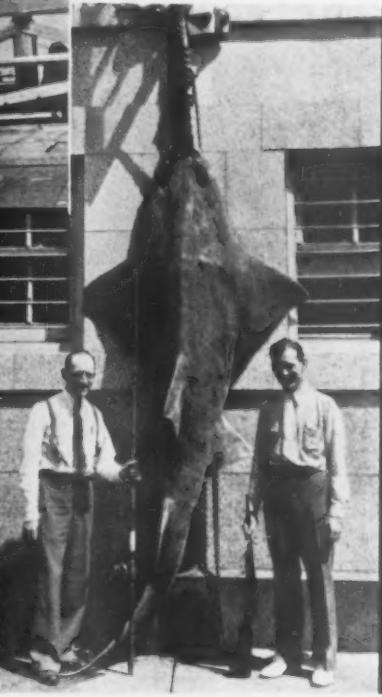


Photo: (above) Ragusin; (right) Hickey

Out of the Gulf of Mexico . . . Rotarians of Biloxi, Miss., on a fishing trip, pulled this 2,000-pound giant ray . . . Rotarian J. E. Conover, of Port Arthur, Tex. (below, with rod), hooked this 686-pound sawfish, first taken on sport tackle off Texas.



As the Wheel Turns

Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest

CRAMMERS. Baron Munchausen would have blushed bright red. Paul Bunyan would have hidden in his north woods. Ananias would have surrendered his long-held title. None of these would have had a chance in the recent race for the presidency of the Liar's Club of Adelaide, Australia. ROTARIAN A. E. W. SHORT, a Past District Governor, won. But this, Brow-Knitting Reader, was tall-tale-telling with a difference. The six final candidates had large followings. Constituents could vote as often as they liked—provided they attached a penny to each ballot. The half-dozen candidates polled about £5,000 worth of pennies, every one of which went to the Crippled Children's Fund of South Australia.

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Meetings. Stockholm, Sweden, is to be the scene of the Fourth Regional Rotary Conference for Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor a little less than a year hence. The dates have been fixed and announced as September 3 and 4, 1938. . . . The European Advisory Committee of Rotary International is scheduled to meet in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, October 13, 14, 15, and 16 of this year. Representatives of 20 or 30 nations will be present. WILLIAM DE COCK BUNING, of The Hague, The Netherlands, is Chairman. JEAN APPLETON, of Paris, is Vice-Chairman.

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Schism. If you like a little friendly snip-snap now and then, drop in at the Rotary Club of Cresson, Pa. Cresson, say all loyal citizens (and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*), is the birthplace of ADMIRAL ROBERT EDWIN PEARY, discoverer of the North Pole. But Gallitzin, a town which lies three miles east, points out to visitors a frame house bearing this banner: "Admiral Peary was born on this site. . . ." Several members of the Cresson Club are residents of Gallitzin—so the great question goes to Club luncheons pretty regularly. Cresson borough and the Rotary Club have recently dedicated a three-acre plot to the Arctic explorer.

• • •
Punster. This was the last bulletin FRED W. NELSON would edit for the Rotary Club of Boone, Iowa, during the year. He wanted to make it good, and he did. Squeezing the Club's whole year into a baseball-game report,

he used the name of every member, and punned on almost the same number. For instance, this tense moment in the game: "Johnston stole a base and the crowd started booing, 'You Roberts, you!' Then Brickey . . . hit the ball so hard that Jorgenson couldn't Duckworth a darn—Rickenberg ran up to him and cried, 'Are you Hurst?' Jorgenson replied, 'Yes, my Lippert, and McNeil hurts, too. . . .'"

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Assembly. Typical of interesting reports received from District Assemblies (most of them are held in July and August) was this one from District 165 (Georgia). Besides the Club Presidents and Secretaries, of whom the Assemblies are composed, every Past Governor of the District was present. They are: ABIT NIX, ROYAL DANIEL, THOMAS C. LAW, T. HARRY GARRETT, EDWARD T. FLANDERS, GARLAND M. JONES, EDWIN B. McCUEN, BUNYAN STEPHENS, and JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, JR. T. T. MOLNAR, the incumbent Governor, was, of course, present also. The Assembly was held at Radium Springs, near Albany, and celebrated the tenth year of the organization of the Georgia Rotary District.



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L. B. Struthers **Secretary.** DR. LESTER B. STRUTHERS, former Assistant Secretary in Rotary's Secretariat in Chicago, has been designated European Secretary in Charge of the Continental European Office, Zurich, Switzerland. ROTARIAN STRUTHERS (Chicago) has been acting head of the Zurich Office for several months, succeeding DR. ALEX O. POTTER, who has been appointed Assistant to the President.

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Happenstance. The Campbells are coming into popularity as Secretaries of Rotary Clubs. SECRETARY WILLIAM H. ("BILL") CAMPBELL, of the Rochester, N. Y., Club, finds that the new Official Directory of Rotary International lists 12 other Campbells in the scribe's position. They are: another WILLIAM H., of Easthampton, Mass.; JAMES DOWNEY, of Aberdeen, Scotland; LLOYD, of Cocoa, Fla.; JOSEPH W., of

Glassboro, N. J.; E. D., of Hawkesbury, Ont., Canada; LAURENCE B., of Ironton, Ohio; COLIN L., of Livonia, N. Y.; JAMES B., of Manchester, Vt.; PAUL MOUNT, of Monte Vista, Colo.; ELMER C., of Mount Vernon, Ill.; DUDLEY, of Rushville, Ind.; JOHN A., of The Pas, Man., Canada.

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Adjuration. "I adjure thee," quoth the wife of the incoming President to the Rotary Club of Quanah, Tex., "that thou shouldest peruse thine magazine anytime which thou canst." And proceeding, said, "Yea, peradventure thou, if thou doest this thing, thou too shalt find thy book *THE ROTARIAN* a good thing—even as also a Rotary Ann hath found it." Thus in archaic but interesting English did MRS. FRANK WENDT, quite of her own accord, "sell" Rotary's official magazine. Quanah Rotarians had asked her to handle the program during which her husband was to be installed. She spent five minutes of her time thus. Many thanks to MRS. WENDT.

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President. MAURICE DUPERREY's tour in South America, current as this issue goes to press, is the first visit any President of Rotary International has made to the continent while in office. PRESIDENT DUPERREY was scheduled to arrive in Rio de Janeiro early in September, to visit Rotary Clubs in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, travelling chiefly by air. Late in October he will reach Havana, Cuba, and from there will proceed to Washington, D. C. Here he will make his first address in the United States. It is his hope that his schedule will permit visiting also the Rotary Club of Ottawa, Ont., Canada's



Shuffleboard champion of the United States is L. L. Bensley, a veteran member of the Traverse City, Mich., Rotary Club. He defeated 67 of the nation's best shufflers to win.

capital city. After several Committee meetings in Rotary's Secretariat in Chicago he will return to his home in Paris, France. MADAME DUPERREY is accompanying him. He will return to Chicago in January for the meeting of the Board of Directors.

Party. MORGAN RICHARDS has served 21 of his 67 years as Secretary of the Rotary Club of Selma, Ala., and as such ranks tenth in point of service in Rotary International. Not long ago his brother members and his wife secretly arranged a birthday party for him, climaxed it with the lighting of a "marvelous birthday cake."

Honors. Publishers' Auxiliary has named HERMAN ROE, of the Rotary Club of St. Paul, Minn., as coach of its All-American Team of Publishers for the present year, an honorary selection. ROTARIAN ROE is a past president of the National Editorial Association. . . . ROTARIAN WILLIAM P. GRAEF, of Long Beach, Calif., won the 1937 Meritorious Award presented by the Long Beach Council of Service Clubs.

Record. The greatest number of new Rotary Clubs (348) ever admitted in a single year joined Rotary International during 1936-37. The previous record was 305 Clubs, admitted in 1927-28. The distribution of these new Clubs by continents is: Africa (south of the Equator), 0; Asia, 18; Australia and New Zealand, 11; Continental Europe, 42; Great Britain and Ireland, 20; Latin America, 36; United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, 221.

New Way. Two million dollars is a tidy sum. EVERETT W. HILL, a Past President of Rotary International, had a fortune of that magnitude, but watched the business tempests of 1932 swirl it cleanly away. He doesn't want it back. Today he lives modestly and quietly in Oklahoma City, Okla., and for a living writes verse and essays which he publishes under a pseudonym. "I went broke and I like it," he

says. "I wouldn't have another fortune if you gave it to me. I've found the way to live, and I intend to follow it the rest of my life." Before the depression, PAST PRESIDENT HILL lived in a palatial home in Oklahoma City, his chain of ice and cold-storage plants yielding a plump income. He served as Rotary's President in 1924-25, travelled widely, and bought \$10,000 worth of Chinese art.

Uncles. YEN TE-CHING, charter member and Past President of the Peking and Nanking Rotary Clubs in China, had two uncles who without knowing it, fought against each other in the Civil War of the United States. One of them, DR. H. N. Woo, then a student at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, was in the Ohio cavalry. The other, DR. T. C. TSO, then studying at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., fought with the South. Both returned to China with such souvenirs as canteens, army blankets, and swords. ROTARIAN YEN's late father was graduated from Kenyon College, also, but returned to China before the Civil War broke out. ROTARIAN YEN, his three brothers, and a sister were all educated in the United States.

Salute. He'd taught philosophy in the town for 30 years. He'd been a member of the Rotary Club for about 20 years. He was now celebrating his 90th birthday. Rotarians of Greenville, S. C., wanted him to know they appreciated him. So to ORLIN OTTMAN ("DOCTOR PAT") FLETCHER they sent a parchment scroll bearing the name of every member beneath a few choice lines of tribute. ROTARIAN FLETCHER received the scroll on his birthday in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he now resides with a son.

Lost & Found. Do you know the lady? We don't. But her picture appears in a batch of snapshots found at the Nice Convention. The other photos concern boats and boulevards, etc. CONVENTION MANAGER HOWARD FEIGHNER has deposited the pack with THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD, who hopes this notice will make someone say, "Hot dog! They're mine!"

New Clubs. Hearty greetings to these Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International:

Marks, Miss.; Rockwood, Mich.; Itasca, Tex.; Perugia, Italy; Selkirk, Man., Canada; Hugoton, Kans.; Pine Grove, Pa.; McKenzie, Tenn.; Ness City, Kans.; Carmelo, Uruguay; Osceola, Nebr.; Hobbs, N. Mex.; Macon, France; The Alberni District, B. C., Canada; Milford, Mass.; Bronson, Mich.; Rakovnik, Czechoslovakia; Hodonin, Czechoslovakia; Curacao, Netherlands West Indies; Point Marion, Pa.; Sayville, N. Y.; Pawnee, Okla.; Burlington, Kans.; Chinkiang, China; Hailsham, England; Burgas, Bulgaria; Tucumani, N. Mex.; Brookville, Miss.; Hartsville, Ala.; Tifton, Ga.; Cottonwood Falls, Kans.; Kimball, W. Va.; Blue Island, Ill.; Westwood, Calif.; Port Jefferson, N. Y.; Krefeld, Germany; Oak Hill, Ohio; Tuskegee, Ala.; Duncan, Ariz.; Harrow, Ont., Canada; Ramona, Calif.; Webb City, Mo.; Booneville, Miss.; Cochran, Ga.; Soignies, Belgium; Batesville, Miss.; Mt. Sterling, Ill.; Sudus, N. Y.; Douglas, Ariz.; Gravenhurst, Ont., Canada; Quincy, Mich.; St. Francis, Kans.; Plattsburg, Mo.; Sønderborg, Denmark; Lithgow, Australia; Mudgee, Australia; Collipulli, Chile; Neuva Imperial, Chile; Tremont, Pa.; Swarthmore, Pa.; Hoxie, Kans.; Wisbech, England; St. James, Minn.; Osceola, Ark.; Caldwell, Idaho; Clyde, N. Y.; McKeen Rocks, Pa.; Snyder, Okla.; Alma, Kans.; Yuma, Ariz.; Butler, Mo.; Yates Center, Kans.; Pleasanton, Tex.; Merrill, Wis.; Sendai, Japan; Huancayo, Peru; Santa Cruz del Sur, Cuba; Yanceyville, N. C.; Slippery Rock, Pa.; Cleveland, Tex.; Holly Grove, Ark.; Plevien, Bulgaria; Bourg en Bresse, France; Périgueux, France; Footscray, Australia; East Tawas, Mich.; Pau, France; Dax, France; Sarpsborg, Norway;

Burlingame, Kans.; Easley, S. C.; Canton, Ga.; Jiguan, Cuba; Lowestoft, England; Little Ferry, N. J.; Pigeon, Mich.; Therezina, Brazil; Wakayama, Japan; Hamilton, Australia; Taree, Australia; Cedar Grove, N. J.; Englehart, Ont., Canada; Trenton, Mich.; North Arlington, N. J.; Marion, Ark.; Lyndon, Kans.; Kunming, China; St. Johnsville, N. Y.; Jahú, Brazil; Limeira, Brazil; Vinkovci, Yugoslavia; Monaco, Principality of Monaco; Penarth, Wales; Manchester, Vt.; Waynesburg, Pa.; Overton, Tex.; Tribune, Kans.; Columbus, Tex.; Lamar, Mo.; Silverton, Colo.; Luverne, Minn.; Hollandale, Miss.; Morava, Yugoslavia; Minehead, England; Baradero, Argentina; Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Gate City, Va.; Vergennes, Vt.; Bacolod, Philippine Islands; Wusih, China; Keelung, Japan; Schuyler, Nbr.; Eupora, Miss.; Chaffee, Mo.; Quimper, France; Kromeriz, Czechoslovakia; Sombor, Yugoslavia; Shelby, Miss.; Florence, Kans.; Pickens, Miss.; Paita, Peru; Cessnock, Australia; Chacabuco, Argentina; Valley Falls, Kans.; Changsha, China; Newellton, La.; Overbrook, Kans.; Whitefish, Mont.; Roanoke, Ala.; Seneca, Kans.; Whitefish, Mont.; Roanoke, Ala.; Seneca, Kans.; Ashburton, New Zealand; Blue Rapids, Kans.; Guayama, Puerto Rico.

Token. For ten years W. H. STUFFLEBEAM's attendance record in the Rotary Club of Blackfoot, Idaho, has been perfect. During the same ten years his service to the Club as its Secretary has been no less. That, at least, was the theme of a meeting the Club held to honor him. Past Presidents spoke of his splendid service, pointing out that he had missed but four meetings in 18 years, when sickness and death in his family had intervened. Fellow members gave him a gift manifesting their appreciation.



Know her?

Evidence. "Rotary," says GOVERNOR BERNARD VESSEY, of District 113, "has a mighty hold on the world." A round-the-world trip following the International Convention at Nice convinced him of that. Contacts in Cairo, Egypt; in Rotary meetings on the steamships *Potsdam* and *Empress of Canada*; in gatherings in Manila and elsewhere all gave evidence of that fact, he says.

Risk for a Record. MAYNARD O. FLETCHER's attendance record in the Rotary Club of Washington, N. C., had been perfect for 19 years, the length of the Club's life. Several Tuesdays back, ROTARIAN FLETCHER submitted to an emergency operation on his throat, was "on the table" for two hours. When Thursday, Rotary day, of the same week arrived, he insisted that the doctors take him to the Club luncheon. Protesting, they did—and saved his record.

Goldsmith. What is thought to be the largest, costliest, most exquisite lock ever made—the one used in opening ceremonies of the Greater Texas and Pan-American Exposition at



Rotarian Everts and the \$75,000 lock he made for Pan-Americans.

Photo: Parker-Griffith

Dallas—is the craftsmanship of a Rotarian: artisan. He is ARTHUR A. EVERTS, of Dallas. Valued at \$75,000, the lock contains 4½ pounds of gold and platinum, 1,056 gems. On pearl strands hang 21 diamond-set keys, one for each Pan-American nation—gifts from ROTARIAN EVERTS to the heads of the 21 lands.



Welcome. To the international chain of Rotary publications come two new magazines. One is *Rotary in Poland*, the bulletin of the 85th District in new garb. It consists of 32 pages of Rotary news and philosophy and general information on Poland. In its first issue it employed Polish, French, and English. . . . *Rotary Romania* is another regional publication which is receiving a hearty welcome. It is the monthly bulletin of the Rotary Clubs of Rumania.

Committees. Completed here is the list of Committees for 1937-38 announced by PRESIDENT MAURICE DUPERREY. The first portion of the list appeared on these pages in September.

European-Advisory Committee—Chairman: William de Cock Buning (pass service), 't Hoentraat 31, The Hague, Netherlands; **Vice-Chairman:** Jean Appleton (education—law), 99, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, France. **Immediate Past Chairman:** Kurt Belgrave (financial exchange), Borshuset, Stockholm, Sweden. **Past Directors:** Fred W. Gray (boot distributing), Greyhound Street, Long Row, Nottingham, England; Clare Martin (pass service), Turf Club, Cairo, Egypt, and 3, Paper Buildings, Temple, London E. C. 4, England; Karel Neuwirt (surgery), Soukenická ul. 8, Brno, Czechoslovakia; Hugo E. Prager (hotels), Hotel Elite, Zurich I, Switzerland. **Members-at-Large:** Paul Baillod (general law practice), 1 rue du Pommier, Neuchâtel, Switzerland; Otto G. Kroeger (periodical publishing), Breiter Weg 175/177, Magdeburg, Germany; Edo Markovic (grain distributing), Decanska 33, Belgrade, Yugoslavia. **Representatives of Districts:** R.I.B.I.: T. A. Warren (education—general administration), Education Offices, North Street, Wolverhampton, England; P. H. W. Almy (general law practice), Bank Chambers, Fleet Street, Torquay, England; G. M. Verrall Reed (building materials distributing), 51 Vallance Road, "The Croft," Wood Green, London, N. 22, England (member, Rotary Club of Southgate, England); **Alternates:** T. D. Young (linen distributing), Royal Arcade, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England; J. H. B. Young (accountancy), 39, Sain Margaret's Street, Canterbury, England; Edwin Robinson (fruit distributing), Castlefolds Market, Sheffield, England. 46—Guido Carlo Visconti (music), Piazza Paolo Ferrari, 8, Milan, Italy (member, Rotary Club of Florence, Italy); **Alternate:** Achille Bossi (lawyer), Via Borgogna 3, Milan, Italy. 49—Georges Robert Lefort (fine arts), Boul. de la Gare, Guingamp, C. du N., France (member, Rotary Club of Saint Brieuc, France); **Alternate:** Alfred LeBlanc (white metal alloys manufacturing), 50, rue Debordes Valmore, Paris, 16, France. 54—Bixio Bossi (notary), Via Monte Carmen 8, Lugano, Switzerland; **Alternate:** C. J. Steiger (overseas trade), Postfach 38, Winterthur, Switzerland. 59—Trudus Teves (rope manufacturing), Prins Hendrikade 16-17, Amsterdam, Netherlands; **Alternate:** Jan Klopfer (railroad transportation), Wasse-naarsche weg 40, The Hague, Netherlands. 60—(No nominations). 61—Camille Deberge (journalism), 10, rue Arthur Warocqué, La Louvière, Belgium; **Alternate:** Paul Vandenhoute (horsehair and wool manufacturing), 49, rue Charles Quint, Ghent, Belgium. 66—J. V. Hyka (governmental foreign publishing service), Rotary, Obecni dum, Prague 1, Czechoslovakia; **Alternate:** Dr. Ferdinand Hyka (government administration) Obecni dum, Prague I, Czechoslovakia. 67—T. R. Olsen (herring meal exporting), Egenesveien 28, Stavanger, Norway; **Alternate:** Yangas Hvistendahl (whaling), Markveien 12, Tønsberg, Norway. 73—Franz Schneiderhan (pass service), Moenchsberg 17, Salzburg, Austria; **Alternate:** Dr. Otto Bohler (steel manufacturing), 1 Hoher Markt, 8, Vienna, Austria. 75—Einst J. Ipsen (associations—automobile clubs), Palaisgade 6, Copenhagen, Denmark; **Alternate:** Erik Dresen (government inspection service), Frederiksberg Allé 27, Copenhagen V, Denmark (member, Rotary Club of Frederiksberg). 77—Stevan K. Pavlovitch (patriotic associations), Gospodar Tevremova 39/1, Belgrade, Yugoslavia; **Alternate:** Vladimir Belajcic (judiciary), Kacacioni sud, Novi Sad, Yugoslavia. 78—C. H. Trolle (commercial banking), Storgatan 16, Kalmar, Sweden; **Alternate:** Dr. Gustaf Lorentz Munthe (arts and crafts museum), Vasagatan 33, Gothenburg, Sweden. 82—Dr. Zoltán Koós (stock exchange), Herman Otto ut. 38, Budapest,

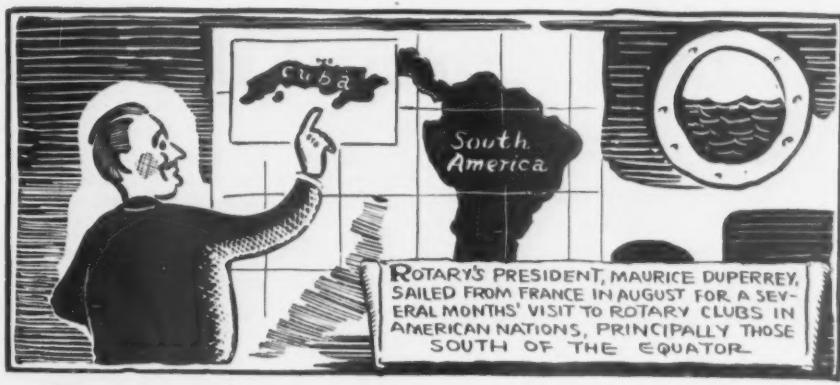
Hungary; **Alternate:** Dr. Béla von Entz (pathology), Dischka Győző u. 5, Pécs, Hungary. 83—Arthur Merton (journalism), 13 Sh. Ibrahim Pasha Nagib, Kasr El Dubara (P. O. Box 228), Cairo, Egypt; **Alternate:** (Not yet appointed). 84—Agripa Popescu (charity associations), Str. Paris 67, Parcul Bona-parte, Bucharest III, Rumania; **Alternate:** Dionys Ritter von Anhauch (timber manufacturing), Strada I, Flondor 44, Cernauti, Rumania. 85—Jerzy Lot (economic geography), Wiejska 19 m. 4, Warsaw, Poland; **Alternate:** Piotr Drzewiecki (locomotive manufacturing), 71 Jerozolimska, Warsaw, Poland. 90—André Pons (notary), 54, rue Houles, Mazanet, France; **Alternate:** André Gardot (law practice—avocat), 7, rue Proust, Angers (Maine-et-Loire), France. 91—Emilie Couibes (cements), Ste. S. A. B. L. A. 2, rue Childebert (Mail address: 113, rue Vendôme), Lyon, France; **Alternate:** Auguste Jean Renard (education—universities), 2, rue Beauvau, Marseille, France. **Representatives of Nondistricted Clubs:** Bulgaria: Ljuben Boshkoff (civil engineering), ul. Krakra 12, Sofia, Bulgaria; **Alternate:** Mathey Hadji-Petroff (flour manufacturing), Platz "Pazari," Burgas, Bulgaria. Greece: M. B. Gerbel (civil engineering), Liliengasse 1, Vienna I, Austria. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania: Juhu Kukk (cotton goods manufacturing), S. Karja, Tallinn, Estonia; **Alternates:** Walter Woits (civil law practice), Blaumana 13, Riga, Latvia; Karolins Zalkauskas (government—supreme courts), Vyr. Tribunal Prokura-tura, Kaunas, Lithuania. Finland: A. Marcus Tollet (news bureau—foreign), Presscentralen R. F.,

Uutiskeskus, R.Y., Glogatan 8, Helsingfors, Finland (Member, Rotary Club of Helsinki-Helsingfors); **Alternate:** Arno Tuurna (municipal government administration), Raatiuone, Viipuri, Finland. Portugal: Dr. Vasco Nogueira de Oliveira (pediatrics), Pr. Batalha 12, Porto, Portugal; **Alternate:** Dr. Mario Pinheiro Chagas (attorney), R. Augusta 47-1^o, Lisbon Portugal.

Rotary Foundation Honorary Commissioner: M. B. Gerbel (civil engineering), Liliengasse 1, Vienna I, Austria.

Rotary Foundation Honorary Trustees: Newton D. Baker (honorary), Union Trust Building, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A. (honorary member, Rotary Club of Cleveland, Ohio); Maurice Duperrey (abrasives manufacturing), 19 rue de Paradis, Paris, France; Donato Gaminara (civil engineering), Burgues 3275, Montevideo, Uruguay; Paul P. Harris (honorary), 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; Herbert C. Hoover (honorary), Stanford University, Calif., U. S. A. (honorary member, Rotary Club of Pine Bluff, Ark., U. S. A.); Arch C. Klumph (umber-wholesale and retail distributing), 1948 Carter Road, S. W., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.; Charles A. Mander (paine and varnish manufacturing), John Street, Wolverhampton, England; J. Layton Ralton (honorary), 3495 Holton Street, Westmount, Que., Canada (honorary member, Rotary Club of Yarmouth, N. S., Canada); Umekichi Yoneyama (past service), 116 Minami-cho, 6 chome, Aoyama, Akasaka, Tokyo, Japan.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.



Rotarian Almanack 1937

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

—Laurence Sterne.

OCTOBER

—has 31 days, is the 10th month, but stood 8th in old Roman days.



Everybody figures! . . . on boots or books, on cabbages or calico, on love or lumbago. Some miss their balances by miles. Some hit them on the point. Man's knack for figuring has made him what he is—but with that he's properly not satisfied. Rotarians do what they can to help man realize that end he reckons on—a happier, more tranquil world generally.

—YE MAN WITH YE SCRATCHPAD.

—1937, If you would know more about the current visit of Rotary's President mentioned above, please turn to page 45.

—1916, One of the first intercity attendance contests mentioned in Rotary's annals is that opened on this date in the 23 Rotary Clubs of the original 3rd District (Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia).

—18—1937, Rotary's Extension Committee convenes at the Secretariat in Chicago.

24—1907, One of Rotary's first Community Service activities begins on this day, when the Rotary Club of Chicago calls a meeting of representatives of civic organizations in the city to set up a committee for installing city comfort stations.

25—1937, The Finance Committee of Rotary International meets in the Secretariat in Chicago.

—1933, The first regular issue of REVISTA ROTARIA, Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN, comes off the press.

30—1922, The Channel Islands, which lie closer to France than to England, to which they belong, see the organization of their first Rotary Club, Guernsey.

30—1937, Rotary's Executive Committee meets in Chicago.



Total Rotary Clubs in the world (August 31, 1937), 4,373; and the total number of Rotarians (estimated), 184,000.





Yay, Skinny! Water's keen . . . and Billy's buttin' dandy!—at the annual picnic the Union City, Ind., Rotary Club gives boys, 250 of them this year. They had 35 acres to whoop around on, vats of pop and ice cream, and a cap for each.

Rotary Around the World

India

From Horses' Hoofs to Hospitals

BANGALORE—With the permission of the Government, the Rotary Club of Bangalore has held a Derby Sweep to raise funds for civic services. One-quarter of the proceeds went to hospitals. Members of neighboring Rotary Clubs bought tickets to aid the project.

Argentina

A Flower for Each Nation

LA PLATA—In a peace garden in which Rotarians of La Plata are interested, each nation is represented by a typical plant. The rhododendron stands for Switzerland, the dahlia for Mexico, etc. Other Clubs have shown much interest in the international peace project.

Australia

Fun in Filling Small Stomachs

PERTH—A high spot in Perth's Rotary year is the entertainment of the children of a farm school located in the neighborhood. Every member turns out to see that the kiddies get enough to eat and plenty to laugh at, at the luncheon which is held in a large hall.

Siam

Japanese Song in Siam

BANGKOK—After Bangkok Rotarians had heard a travel talk presented by a member who had just returned from Japan, they listened to the playing of two Japanese phonograph records. One reproduced the Japanese Rotary song, the other a popular Japanese selection.

Union of South Africa

Making Tomorrow's Men

DURBAN—Now and then the Rotary Club of Durban takes stock of what it has done. Its report on Boys' Work reveals the following activities: The Club took several parties of lads through an iron works, a rubber factory, and a match factory to help round out their education. The Club raised £350 to equip a new hostel and set up a committee to help find jobs for the boys who live in it. Durban Rotarians have

completed a survey of welfare organizations assisting boys, and are making plans for a meeting of representatives of these groups.

New Zealand

Club Jobs Handicraft

TIMARU—With quick, sensitive fingers blind people in a local institute make a variety of useful objects. They work on them for a year. Then, in an annual sale, the Timaru Rotary Club sells the manufactures for the benefit of the folks who made them. Sales this year totalled over £100.

Scotland

Service Widely Spread

EDINBURGH—What becomes of the service fund of the Edinburgh Rotary Club each year? It's distributed in varying sums among projects as diverse as these: a juvenile-organizations committee, a hospital, an infirmary, two Boys' Brigades, a police fund for clothing destitute children, a limbless ex-servicemen's association, the Edinburgh council of community service in unemployment, Girls' Guildry, Girl Guides.

England

14 Nations Sit Down to Eat

HOVE—Fourteen nations and four continents were represented in a Summer meeting of the Rotary Club of Hove when a group of young visitors holidaying in the town were guests. They came from Austria, Chile, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Egypt, Finland, France, Germany, Iraq, Italy, Japan, Norway, Rumania, and Sweden. The Club President and the Mayor of Hove addressed the guests and expressed to them the hope of the people of England for peace. A visitor from Germany responded on behalf of the guests. He said, in essence: "In the end, every war is settled by negotiations. Why should there not be negotiations before war breaks out?" The tenor of the meeting was happy and hopeful.

Lads' Club Idea Expands

COLNE—Originally the Colne Rotary Club had planned to make the Lads' Club, which it was initiating, a small affair run solely by vol-

untary help. When the lively institution was inaugurated recently, it had developed much greater proportions. A county association of boys' clubs had offered financial assistance. A full-time leader was hired. A building to house the Club has been purchased, and the whole town showed interest.

Austria

Toward a Friendlier World

BADEN BEI WIEN—It is easy to talk glibly about Rotary's Fourth Object—the advancement of international understanding. It is harder to do something about it. But the Rotary Club of Baden bei Wien chose the latter course recently when it entertained an inter-District Conference of Rotarians from Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria. About 100 persons attended, among them present and past District Governors, local and national officials. The program, the theme of which was *Means and Measures of Rotary Co-operation*, ended in a banquet and *Petit Comité* meeting.

France

Get Together on Golf Greens

PARIS—Golfers in the Rotary Club of Paris still remember with pleasure the visit of the Rotarian golfers and their wives of London who came to play for the Duperrey Golf Cup last Summer. The English contingent won the deciding match and retained the cup. Fontainebleau was the scene of the friendly struggle.

China

Fight Hookworm Scourge

WUCHOW—Six persons suffering from hookworm have been treated in a hospital ward which the Rotary Club of Wuchow supports. The Club is greatly interested in eradicating the parasitic scourge and has made this start. Among other Community Service projects of Wuchow Rotarians is the establishment of a number of public bathhouses. Mat sheds were to be set up pending the erection of permanent brick structures.

Solid Boost for Civic Service

CANTON—Community Service—while it's not to be measured in money—will during the pres-

ent year, enjoy the backing of HK\$1,600 from the Rotary Club of Canton. As in past years, the sum will spread over such activities as support of a boys' camp, a hospital, and an orphanage; help for a leper settlement; etc.

Canada

Charge of the Nighthshirt Brigade

AMHERST, N. S.—The honors for uniqueness in money-raising schemes probably go to the Rotary Club of Amherst. Part of the Horse Show which the Club presented some months back to about 3,500 people was a nighthshirt parade. Every member had to march in the informal garb—or forfeit \$5. The treasury collected only \$10 from such offenses. The show netted some \$800 for the Club's boys' camp and \$1,300 for crippled children work.

Remove Offending Tonsils

THE PAS, MAN.—All children do not have the same gifts. But mental backwardness is often the fault of some physical handicap. Rotarians of The Pas discovered these facts in their local school of 400 children. To give deficient children, whom the school board had placed in a special class, a chance, they had their medical member examine each child, had the public health nurse call on the parents to explain the children's handicaps. After making arrangements with doctors, dentists, and the hospital, the Club sponsored five tonsilectomies, dental care for six, the purchase of glasses for four. The health nurse has lately reported that a number of the youngsters who were treated have shown marked improvement in their school-work.

United States

Hoaxed but Happy

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.—Are the "boys" pretty fond of their Rotary Club in Chapel Hill? Would they fight and bleed and die to keep their memberships in it? They'd do something like that, thinks President Robert W. Madry. He has tested their loyalty. In a recent meeting he

announced that International headquarters had ordered the Club's membership reduced from 32 to 25 (a pure fabrication, of course). Members took it seriously. Some grew exceedingly indignant. Some threatened to resign on the spot. When the joke had gone far enough, the President disclosed the hoax. A roomful of sighs escaped.

\$250 Buys a Bed

SEATTLE, WASH.—"To the Seattle Rotary Club much credit is due for our splendid institution, which is nationally known," said the treasurer of a local orthopedic hospital in receiving a check for \$250 from the Club. The sum is to purchase a special bed.

A Social Call Returned

RALEIGH, N. C.—Some years ago John A. Park, now Governor of Rotary District 189, visited the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires, Argentina. He sat next to Austin E. Goode. Recently Rotarian Goode returned the visit when he addressed the Raleigh Rotary Club and called on Governor Park in his own office.

For the Members Who've Gone

FULTON, MO.—A memorial day for deceased members honored ten men who had once shared the fellowship of the Rotary Club of Fulton. Ten candles bearing the names of the former members were lighted, one at a time, by intimate friends who made brief memorial talks.

Muscle and Sun Tan—All for \$600

PATERSON, N. J.—For youngsters who didn't have "a vacation chance," Rotarians and Kiwanians of Paterson each raised \$300 during the past Summer. That sum sent the lads to a camp in the woods, put plenty of tasty food in their stomachs, muscle on their legs, tan on their backs.

Thanks for Four Huts

LANCASTER, PA.—To thank in person the Rotarians who made possible the building of four huts at their camp, Boy Scouts invited the Rotary Club of Lancaster to a dedication and dinner.

Run Music Over Border

WENATCHEE, WASH.—Now that school is under way again, students in Wenatchee and in Penticton, B. C., Canada, are probably wondering about this: Will the Rotary Clubs in these two towns make possible the exchange of high-school choruses as they did last year? Last Spring, Penticton Rotarians took a girls' chorus of 68 voices to Wenatchee. A few weeks later Wenatchee Rotarians took a mixed chorus and orchestra of 70 to Penticton. In each city the

"foreign" musicians gave concerts, were entertained at a luncheon and dance and as guests in many homes. The idea sprouted in the mind of Rotarian Wellington Pegg, principal of the Wenatchee High School.

They Made Ice from Heat

FORT SCOTT, KANS.—Rotarians and Kiwanians of Fort Scott pounded the leather, whizzed around the bases, and got warm generally one day last Summer—all to raise some money for ice. The Penny Ice Fund of the city, which buys the cooling solid for needy families, got the proceeds.

Serve Seats on the Sea

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Hundreds of townsfolk of Pawtucket got grandstand seats at the International Yacht Races off Newport by sailing out to sea on the steamship *Comet*, which the Rotary Club chartered for the event. And proceeds from the excursion went to the Club's Kiddies Fund.

'They're on the Air!'

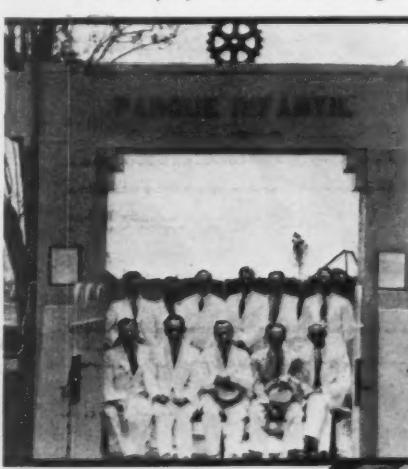
ALBANY, GA.—If you live somewhere near Albany, spin your radio dial to station WGPC at 1:20 some Thursday afternoon. You'll hear the program of the Albany Rotary Club. For four or five months the weekly programs have been put on the air and listener responses have come from all parts of southern Georgia.

He'll Make It, Too!

ORANGE, CALIF.—A friendly hand laid on his shoulder, a helpful hint spoken into his ear, go a long way with any boy. With a blind boy they go further. So finds the Rotary Club of Orange, which is doing what it can to help a blind high-school boy. Recently it bought him a new Braille typewriter, and the young man, who is studying to become a Spanish interpreter, is justifying all the faith the Club has in him. He's making top grades in all his studies, and he's popular with his fellow students.

Advance Booking Pays

MOBILE, ALA.—Planning—that's what Rotary Club programs require, find Mobile Rotarians. Not infrequently they're working on a program 29 weeks in the offing. Variety is requisite, too. In July the Club held a meeting on board a large passenger ship. Later it expected to honor the Governor of the State and the State Docks Commission. *Traffic* was the subject of a program that was to come later. High-school seniors and the State highway-patrol chief were to engage in a roundtable. Once a year the Club fêtes neighboring farmers. Each member brings a farmer to lunch and the latter brings some of



Children in Pina, Cuba, needed a place to play, yes, needed one badly. Noting that fact, the Rotary Club got busy, interested others, and a children's park resulted. Scores of youngsters (right) and a group of Rotarians (above) turned out to witness the dedication ceremonies.





"Feed the boys! Let the rocks starve!" may have been the cry of Streator, Ill., Rotarians when they took these 110 poor boys on an all-day outing at historic Starved Rock. At any rate, the lads "downed" a truckload of picnic food.

his best produce—which is judged in an interesting contest. A local historian was to address the Club on Mobile in a program early in October and was to speak to traffic officers on points of interest which they might pass on to tourists. A Christmas dinner for crippled children in a ward which the Club sponsors is scheduled for December.

Club Pubs' Gather Goodwill

STAMFORD, CONN.—*The Spur* is the weekly bulletin of the Rotary Club of Stamford. As a goodwill gesture, the Club has mailed copies of it to 80 Rotary Clubs throughout the world, asking that recipients send copies of their own publications in return and inviting inter-Club correspondence also.

Their Gift—One Camp Hall

HARTFORD, CONN.—A large, airy recreation hall is the gift of the Rotary Club of Hartford to a camp which the Salvation Army maintains there. Special dedication services opened the building recently. W. Watson House, Governor of District 199, and Joe Hinsley, member who directed the project, represented Rotary in the presentation of the keys. A band and male quartette furnished music. Girl campers did stunts.

Not Long Till Christmas

GREENWICH, CONN.—It's probably not too early to be thinking about Christmas and what your Club will do about it. Here's an idea! Last year Charles W. Pettengill, then President of the Greenwich Rotary Club, collected a batch of candid-camera photos taken at Club luncheons, had a printed folder made of them, and captioned the pictures with verse which he wrote. It stimulated Christmas fellowship.

Rotary—Eight-Column Banner!

GREENVILLE, S. C.—When Greenville Rotarians visited the new plant of the News-Piedmont Company on an inspection tour, "stonemen" made over page one to carry eight-column banner lines and a six-column cut reporting the event. The souvenir edition was run off on the new press. The visit followed a talk on Vocational Service which Rotarian Roger C. Peace, publisher of the Greenville *News* and the Greenville *Piedmont*, gave at the Club luncheon.

All Nations in an Auto

HORNELL, N. Y.—Hornell Rotarians had spent a pleasant day, boating, eating, and bantering with Rotarians of Meaford, Ont., Canada, their hosts. As is the custom in their District, they had presented a United States flag to the Canadians, celebrating 123 years of peace between the two nations. But customs inspection on the homebound trip gave the day a fillip. For his routine questions, the officer selected one automobile of four Rotarians. One man had been born in Germany, one in Greece, one in Syria, one

in Alaska. All were now citizens of the United States—but it required some little showing of papers before the confused customs man was convinced.

Flag Is Goodwill Symbol

DUBUQUE, IOWA—The Rotary Club of Interlaken, Switzerland, came to mean just a little more than usual to Dubuque Rotarians recently all because of a Swiss flag. Dr. Hermann S. Ficke, of the Dubuque Club, had recounted his experiences in the Nice Convention and a European tour in a meeting and delivered to the membership a Swiss flag from Interlaken Rotarians.

New Places for Same Faces

OMAHA, NEBR.—To obtain a good "shuffle" in seating at luncheons, the Rotary Club of Omaha uses the table-host plan. Tickets purchased at the door bear large black numbers which lead to tables labelled with the same numbers; larger and blacker. Properly signed, the tickets are presented to table hosts, who make members welcome. Tables nearest the speaker's table are filled first, which means that in Omaha, as elsewhere, to get a good seat you must come early.

He Fibbed for a Reason

MIAMI, FLA.—No modern Methuselahs? The Rotary Club of Miami has a member who says he's 500 years old—or rather his birthday check says that. It's a Club custom to give a nickel for each year of your life when your birthday comes around. The Miami Methuselah sat down and wrote a check for ten times too many nickels. Funds which the birthday box collects did such things last year: bought Christmas candy, schoolbooks, \$75 worth of track-meet medals, \$137 worth of transportation for a Y.M.C.A. group.

Fresh Air and Fun

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Two hundred and fifty crippled children of Cleveland had a good time in the woods and on the pond at Camp Cleveland in a two weeks' vacation last Summer. To provide that outing, the Rotary Club of Cleveland cooperated with the Association for Crippled and Disabled. Weekly picnics for crippled children and their families continued throughout the Summer at metropolitan parks, Rotary families being the hosts.

'Yessir, Count on Me!'

MASON CITY, IOWA—Spirit? Whatever it is, it has prompted almost 100 percent pledging to

The "roadsign squad" of the Rotary Club of Mullens, W. Va., rests after planting a Rotary sign at one of the city's two main entrances. It marked the other gateway, also.

ward a \$1,000 goal for a Boy Scout program in the Rotary Club of Mason City. While the Club plans to raise that sum in four years, it wants to subscribe the total at once—and 40 of 43 members so far solicited have said, "Yessir, count on me."

\$2,133 for Crippled Youngsters

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Early this year, Rotarians and Shriners of Springfield jointly sponsored a benefit entertainment. Just recently the books of the show were closed and Club officers were able to hand to the Sunshine Club a check for \$2,133, one-third of the net proceeds. The Sunshine Club will use the fund in Crippled Children Work.

They Were Proud, Excusably

BALTIMORE, Md.—A group of Baltimore Rotarians indulged themselves a bit of justifiable pleasure a few weeks ago. On invitation they visited a neighboring Scout camp located on the property of a fellow member and housing 220 boys. It was fun to stroll through the big hall, to drink at the fountains, and to think the while, "Guess maybe it was pretty decent of our Club to donate these things, after all."

New Course: Badge Study

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—The best-laid plans of program chairmen sometimes go awry. They did that not long ago in the Rotary Club of Port Chester. But there was a program, nonetheless. Collecting the dinner badges of the membership, the Club President announced a memory contest. "Who," asked he, "can tell us every word that appears on our badges, and in proper order?" Two members made perfect scores. Others privately resolved to make a hobby of badge study.

Young Farmers Entertain

COLLEGE PARK, Md.—Every Summer some 600 4-H Club boys and girls hold an assembly on the campus of the University of Maryland. They listen to lectures, hold sporting meets, and have a good time generally. The College Park Rotary Club has, for the last two years, invited



some 50 of the boys and girls who rank as All-Stars to supply a Club program—which they do readily, singing, squeezing accordions, and speaking.

As Done in Ithaca

Headquarters for unofficial ambassadors—that is what several Rotary Clubs in North America have become. To the Ithaca Plan belongs the credit.

The plan with its variations, eagerly discussed in group assemblies at the Nice Convention, admits a group of overseas students to guest membership in the Rotary Club of the city where they are studying. It originated in the Rotary Club of Ithaca, N. Y., and usually works in this manner:

The Club's International Service Committee asks heads of the local college or university to provide the names of overseas students enrolled in the institution. For these young representatives of other lands, the Club gives a luncheon. Students are not apprised of the fact that a selection is to be made from their group, which the Committee undertakes as the next step. Final selection is made by Club vote. Visiting professors and others, as well as students, are admitted under the plan in several of the Clubs.

The international guest is usually elected for but the school year. He has all the privileges of membership except voting and office holding and a Rotarian's status in other Rotary Clubs.

The student member pays a small fee to cover such items as a subscription to *The ROTARIAN* (though in several Clubs that is now given him) and he buys his own luncheon tickets.

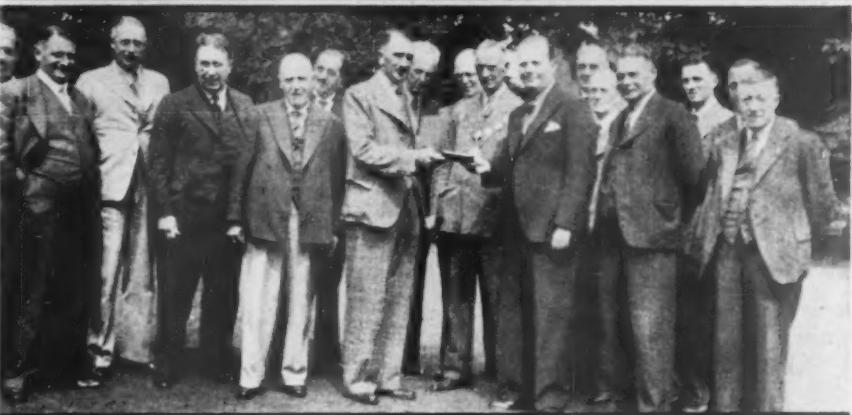
What Clubs use the plan? Well, Ithaca, to start with. Ann Arbor, Mich.; Montreal, Que., Canada; and Washington, D. C., have adopted it or adaptations of it. No doubt there are other Clubs which have some sort of guest membership for young nationals studying in their cities.

In the Rotary Club of Montreal the students selected are apprised of the fact by letter and are asked to maintain a certain easily reached attendance record. Here as elsewhere the record of the ambassadors has always been above the required minimum. In Montreal student members wear badges different from the regular ones, for ready identification. The names of their homelands appear where regular members' classifications do.

Ithaca Rotarians have nothing but good words for the plan and note that attendance of the students is very high despite some conflicts with classes. To Past District Governor Frank Phillips, whose home Club is Ithaca, goes credit for starting the plan.

Ithaca Rotarians find these international contacts so interesting that they vie with each other for the opportunity to sit with the unofficial ambassadors at Club luncheons.

Round the globe with Rotary groups: (from the top down) Year-around recipients of the Cup of Milk, an institution sponsored by the Rotary Club of Pacasmayo, Peru. . . . Rotarians of Sale, England, present a fountain pen to the President of the Sale, Australia, Club. . . . The Rotary Club of Alton, Ill., inspects the cofferdam at a Federal dam being built there. . . . Miss Dorothy Round, English tennis star, is feted by the Rotary Club of Dudley, England. Her father, J. B. Round, a member of the Club, and her mother are at the right in the picture.



What They're Saying

Pithy bits of opinion and observation gleaned from Rotary Club addresses, from Club and regional publications, and from other sources. They are not necessarily representative of the editor's viewpoint.

Service and Profit

The problem of reconciling the profit motive with the service ideal in Rotary has perplexed many members. It is believed that honest profits are legitimate and desirable, that Rotary contacts may properly be used for business purposes, and that Rotary service to the member's vocation, to his community, to his country, and to the world is a worthy ideal so long as it is not viewed as a means to profit. The goal should not be service *for* profit nor service instead of profit, but service *and* profit, each a good in itself.

REUBEN HUMBERT, *Rotarian*

Christiansburg, Virginia

(In *The Secretary's Weekly Handshake* of his Club)

Rotary Needs Young Men

Rotary was never so much needed as it is now. The influence of our weekly contacts and the daily application of Rotary principles will, if treated fairly and squarely, bring us out of the feeling of chaos that seems to prevail in the hearts of so many.

I strongly urge that we do not leave ourselves open to censure a few years hence, due

to lack of action now. Young men of every community are needed in Rotary. Our programs must inspire them to seek the knowledge of the principles of the great institution called Rotary.

ERNEST W. DUNBAR, *Rotarian*
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Education in Honesty

Most of the fair-practice rules that have been established have been entirely too cumbersome. The unfair practices of business cannot be eliminated by writing rules alone. As in the case of most of our human problems, evils and abuses can only be eliminated by education and a disposition that each one shall be on an equal footing, having sincerity of purpose and honest principles.

LEWIS A. HIRD, *Rotarian*
New York, New York

(In an address to his Club's Executives Conference)

Shell Breaker

Perhaps the greatest specific accomplishment of Rotary has been the bringing of countless thousands of men out of their shells, making

men as individuals more useful to their communities, and more useful and valuable to their industries and professions, to their individual concerns or professional practices, to their families, and to themselves, enabling men to live richer and more useful lives.

DARUS P. WILFORD, *Rotarian*
Cleveland, Ohio

(In his Club's *Rotary Reminder*)

• • •

Rotary's Task

Mere thinking without work is as fruitless as work without thinking. Rotary's task today is to give to the world more men, more individuals, who have translated Rotary ethics into the common practices of life.

DR. BRADFORD KNAPP, *Rotarian*
Lubbock, Texas

(In an address to his District Conference)

• • •

Lessons to Learn

I loathe anti-Americanism among British people just as I regret anti-Britishism among Americans. But I can be far more patient with the latter than with the former. If America must learn (that difficult lesson of every schoolboy!) to bear being laughed at, so must Britain learn how ridicule exasperates the young.

W. W. BLAIR-FISH, *Rotarian*
Former Editor, *The Rotary Wheel*
London, England

(From an editorial in *The Rotary Wheel*)

• • •

Happiness, Your Style

I think the most lovable quality that any man can possess is tolerance: it is the vision that enables one to see things from another's viewpoint; it is the generosity that concedes to others the right of their own opinions and their peculiarities; it is the bigness that allows us to let people be happy in their own way, instead of our way.

DANIEL J. MOYNAHAN, *Rotarian*
Cairns, Australia

(In an address to his Rotary Club)

• • •

For the Best

I don't like to think of Rotary as just a luncheon club. It is more. It is a movement dedicated toward advancing the best in the world and bringing about the control or elimination of the worst. Rotary is much bigger than its membership. Rotary is marching on!

ALEXANDER P. JOHNSTONE, *Rotarian*
Athol, Massachusetts

(In his Club's bulletin)

• • •

A Spirit, in Effect

Rotary is, in effect, rather a spirit than an institution. Its influence does not course solely through the ordinary channels of an organization. It is fundamentally a body banded together for personal service in whatever way is open and called for. The branches which are spread over all the civilized countries can, however, and do act collectively as well as individually. Of course, Rotary's standards, as embracing a wide variety of religions, are solely ethical, but may be said to have a religious inspiration.

The Newcastle Journal
Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, England

• • •

Rippling Rotundity

We love to see a fat man laugh. There seems to be so much of him that is having a good time.

HENRY R. BALDREY, *Rotarian*
Stretford, England

(In his Club's bulletin)

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Broadcast Trials?

Yes—Says Mitchell Dawson

[Continued from page 14]

by-product of the publicity naturally attendant on trial by jury.

The neighbors, friends, and enemies of the defendant have from time immemorial gathered to see and hear him tried. In the course of time, the public's assumption of the right to attend such "dramas" became rationalized by lawyers into a legal right of the accused to have the public attend. But the tradition has persisted that the courtroom doors should be open to the first comers. In a democracy it is a sound tradition. In a government of the people we should let the people participate to the fullest extent in the processes of the law, and one form of participation is to observe the courts in action.

In modern times, however, the prescriptive right of the public to attend criminal trials has developed serious disadvantages. We now have an instantaneous whipping-up of public interest whenever the press may choose to exploit a particular case. Pre-trial publicity reaches and affects every literate person. It incites the massing of people about the courthouse and in the courtroom, creating a tense emotional atmosphere which is bound to influence jurors, witnesses, and even the judge.

THE judge, of course, has the power to take all steps necessary to preserve order. He may limit the number of persons admitted to the courtroom, expel the disorderly, and exclude the public altogether when the testimony is about to turn upon the indecent or obscene. But on the occasion of a trial made notorious by the press, the average judge will yield somewhat to the pressure of public curiosity—especially in the United States, where a majority of trial judges depend upon popular election for their tenure in office.

Our dilemma is acute: we must satisfy the democratic tradition that the public has a right to attend criminal trials and at the same time curtail the evils consequent upon the exercise of that right. I believe that the radio is an instrument providentially available to solve that dilemma. Television, when it comes, will be even more effective.

Let us look ahead. The time is five or ten years hence. The place, your home. The big murder trial—the "sensation of the century"—is on the air. You "tune in" on your television set and see the

courtroom. A witness tells what he saw on the night of January 16. The drama unfolds before you almost as though you were in court—without hysteria or distortion.

You will be able to read about it in the newspapers later, but the freshness will be gone. Millions will have attended the trial via the air and it is no longer front-page stuff. The story will slip back to the inside pages, and even the special write-ups, the pathological details, the "sob-stuff," and the jazzed emotionalism will have somehow lost their edge.

But wouldn't the testimony in criminal trials have a bad effect on the morals of children and other persons of immature mentality who might be listening in? I doubt it. Facts in themselves are seldom harmful. It is the distortion of facts that does the most damage. The young and impressionable are attracted by the romanticized version of the criminal career—the imagined excitement, adventure, and easy getting and spending—not by the reality. There is nothing heroic about a defendant in a criminal trial. His voice, appearance, and demeanor are disillusioning. His exploits as brought out in the crude reality of court proceedings usually dwindle to their true sordid dimensions. The broadcasting of criminal trials would tend to counterbalance the effects of lurid crime news and fantastic stories and moving-picture films about criminals.

It would be necessary, of course, for the courts to exercise strict control and supervision over all trial broadcasting. They would determine what cases should go on the air, and in every instance the presiding judge could have a control switch within easy reach to cut off the proceedings whenever he might think the testimony was about to become indecent or obscene.

The radio announcer would be a court official stationed in an anteroom. His lines could be limited to the identification of the court and the case on trial. The audience would be multitudinous, but remote and invisible. The judge, the jury, the lawyers, and the witnesses might be conscious of unseen ears and eyes, but they would not be materially disturbed.

Some judges and lawyers would no doubt play up to the radio audience just as they now play up to newspaper readers. At the same time, they would be aware

that every ineptitude, every unfair and undignified action would be heard by an audience so vast that a single seriously false move could destroy a reputation. Broadcasting might thus bring about a revival of forensic skill and eloquence and raise the atmosphere of criminal trials to a level which they have not held (in the United States at least) for many generations.

But even if such a result did not follow, broadcasting would tend to improve the order and dignity of criminal-court proceedings. It would avert the unseemly stampede of the inquisitive to attend the trial. The public would soon learn that it could hear (and, with television, see) more at home via the air than on the sidewalk or in the corridors of the courthouse. Judges would have popular support in preventing the overcrowding of courtrooms, the domination of the trial by reporters and cameramen, and the ruthless disregard of proprieties such as characterized the Hauptmann kidnaping trial.

THE broadcasting of trials is not altogether a novelty in the United States. One of the first experiments in this field was initiated in October, 1934, by Judge John Gutknecht, of the Municipal Court of Chicago, with the support of Chief Justice John J. Sonsteby. When Judge Gutknecht was assigned to the Traffic Court, he discovered that a startling number—about 90 percent—of all "tickets" or summonses given to traffic-law violators were being "fixed" or suppressed by politicians and the offenders never brought to trial. Fines were actually paid by not more than 10 percent of those who received tickets.

In a desperate effort to end the "fixing" racket, Judge Gutknecht turned to the radio. By broadcasting the proceedings in which he sentenced some of the "fixers" to jail, he served notice that he intended to stop this practice, and his warning was heeded. "Fixing" is now negligible. At the same time, there was a marked decrease in the total number of traffic-law violations, part of which at least may be attributed to the radio publicizing of the penalties inflicted by the Traffic Court.

It has been objected that it is unfair to single out certain defendants and to broadcast their troubles to the world. This objection has considerable force—especially when it concerns those who are found to be not guilty. But the damage done in minor cases is transitory and inconsiderable. In cases of major importance upon which public interest has been focused, the immolation of an innocent defendant is a cruel wrong. Such

a person should be compensated by the State for the injury to his reputation and the cost of defending himself, but in most of the United States no provision is made for this.

The plight of the innocent defendant, however, is an argument against any form of trial publicity and not merely against broadcasting. The situation could be remedied only by complete secrecy of trials. Such secrecy should and probably could be enforced in connection with certain types of private litigation, but it would be out of the question in criminal trials in democratic countries. The true version of a trial sent out over the air might conceivably offset the defendant's exploitation by the press. It certainly could not make matters worse than they now are.

The practicability of broadcasting trials cannot be fully determined until it has been more widely attempted. It would probably not be desirable to put any trial on the air from beginning to end. Broadcasting of any sort is necessarily selective and subject to the availability of outlets. But the difficulties of giving the public a reasonably complete radio version of a trial do not seem to be insuperable.

It takes time, of course, for the courts and the law to adjust to changing conditions. Mechanical invention always runs far ahead of judicial procedure. The use of photographs in evidence was at first strongly opposed by the courts, and a dictaphone record purporting to be a will (with certain statutory exceptions) would not today be admitted to probate even though indisputably in the voice of the intended testator.

WE ARE habituated and inured to the products of the linotype and modern newspaper presses. But there is still an element of strangeness about the radio for all but the youngest generation. Its use for broadcasting trials will be bitterly resisted. Like all innovations, it will shock many excellent lawyers and judges. They will be especially fearful that it will somehow derogate from the dignity of judicial proceedings. With due respect for this point of view, I must nevertheless disagree.

The broadcasting of criminal trials, under the control of the courts, is desirable, I believe, not only because it is a logical extension of the public's right to attend such trials, but also because it will counteract the perversions of the press. As a device for conveying a factual account of court proceedings speedily and accurately, it has decided advantages over the printed word.

Its ultimate adoption by the courts for that purpose is certain.

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Broadcast Trials? No—Says Robert Bernays

[Continued from page 15]

chaplain reading the burial service, he would be led out to die.

Sometimes there would be heartrending scenes in the court which would remain with me for days. A woman would be sentenced to death for being accessory to the murder of her husband and would be led shouting and screaming from the dock. A man would be condemned to a long term of penal servitude and would suddenly lose all control, shrieking imprecations against the judge and fighting the warders with his bare fists until he was overpowered. Or it would be some boyish lout scarcely out of his teens sentenced for a crime of violence to a dozen lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails and yelling with terror in anticipation of the torture that awaited him.

Hardly less dreadful to witness was the iron self-control exercised by men of wealth and position who found themselves in the dock for fraud or embezzlement. I saw the famous Hatry sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment. The scene at the close of the trial will remain with me to the end of my days. Mr. Justice Avory had ended his homily and had begun pronouncement of sentence. "On counts 1-25," he said, "you will go to penal servitude for 14 years." The prisoner, standing rigidly to attention in front of him, staggered back as if struck by a whip across the face. He made as if to stumble down the steps to the prison cell below. "Stay," commanded the judge, "I have not finished. On counts 30-37 you will go to penal servitude for seven years, the sentence to run concurrently." Hatry made another attempt to escape. He had just disappeared when again the harsh voice of the judge rang out in the packed and silent court, "Bring back the prisoner." Up came the wretched man to face again that awful ordeal. "I had forgotten," said the judge, "some other counts in your indictment." He named them and then said, on those, Hatry would "go to penal servitude for seven years, the sentence to run concurrently." It was like seeing a human being flayed before one's eyes.

Is it really suggested that it is good for a child to hear such things over the radio, with an expert commentator to heighten the sensation and intensify the drama? Is it supposed that by these means he will be imbued with a wholesome respect for the law?

But it is not only children who would be harmed by such broadcasts. There is

in all of us an element of sadism that is controlled and repressed according to the character and training of the individual. This is evident in the popularity of the films that have in them a good torture scene. I am inclined to think that the success of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, in many respects a first-class production, was not a little due to the number of flogging episodes contained in it. Even those who most dislike to witness the infliction of pain feel a certain horrible fascination in it which forces them sometimes against their whole better nature to take an unhealthy interest in it. The broadcasting of trials would appeal to the savage that lies deep in all of us—the instinct of cruelty, the lust for sensation, the fascination for the macabre.

Again, if certain trials are to be broadcast, why not floggings and executions, too? If it is thought good for the public to hear with their own ears that robberies with violence are punished with stripes and that murder leads to the electric chair, why not broadcast the swish of the lash as it descends on the back of the victim or the last convulsions as the electric current performs its ghastly work? There is no logic in advocating the broadcasting of trials as a deterrent to crime and stopping at the broadcasting of the methods by which the sentence is carried out.

■ HAVE written only of the harmful effect of the broadcasting of trials upon the public. Equally deleterious in my judgment would be the consequences to the criminal. It would give him a new sense of importance. Conceit is one of the commonest characteristics of the psychological makeup of the real criminal. He dramatizes his life. He sees it as a thrilling struggle between himself and society, and even when he is caught, he does not lose this sense of being a hero.

Watch a notorious young thug standing trial for a bank holdup. There is a certain swagger in all his movements, an insolence in his answers, a self-conscious effort to show his contempt for courts of law and the humdrum civilization for which they stand. He knows that every eye in the court is upon him, that descriptive writers are there to record his slightest gesture, that in the world of sensationalism he is a great figure. If he knew a nation at that moment were listening in to every detail of his crime, it would add to his thrill. He would conceive himself as being on a world stage. The radio is

the finest form of publicity the world has to offer today. I can imagine a man with a sense of news value deliberately committing the kind of crime that would insure his trial being broadcast, certain that if he once had that gigantic publicity, he need never fail afterward to get a livelihood.

FOR broadcasting of trials places a wholly false emphasis on the importance of crime. Who would listen in to a statement of policy from the White House in Washington, D. C., if the alternative were the sifting of the evidence, over the air, of a first-class murder? It would tend to produce in some minds the dangerous idea, already promoted by a certain type of newspaper, that the real world is that of sexual outrages, holdups, murders, adulteries, and that it were the exception rather than the rule for men and women to live ordinary decent lives, bringing up families, paying their income tax, and earning their daily bread in satisfying the wants of their neighbors. Trials, of course, should be held in public, but that does not mean that they should be as public as possible. Crime is something shameful, and it is highly dangerous to advertise criminals as if they were as interesting as Presidents or Prime Ministers or film stars or professional footballers.

It is not as if the broadcasting of trials assisted the course of justice. It is inevitable when the speeches for the prosecution and the defense are made before the audience of the nation, that lawyers should to some extent conduct themselves with one eye on the evidence in front of them and the other on the effect that it will have on their unseen listeners. Every lawyer covets what is called in England "a fashionable practice," and he knows that the best way to get it is to become an interesting figure to the lay public. So he will be tempted to do his utmost to stage the dramatic effect—to bully a witness, to impart a sob in his voice at appropriate moments, to use, in fact, every tawdry theatrical device available to him. And the judge? He, too, is placed in an unfortunate position under the broadcast system. He has not merely to see that justice is done, but to insure that it is done in such a way as will appeal to the listening millions. When great public interest is taken in a case and fierce controversy is aroused over the verdict, this fact may well impair his impartiality and deflect his judgment.

There is also the question in an autocratic State of the power that the broadcasting of trials gives to the Executive. After all, what is a criminal trial? The definition of a crime differs with the

method of government in operation in every country. At a recent election in one country a man was given six months' imprisonment for saying he did not propose to vote.

Is it argued that that kind of trial ought to be broadcast?

The range and the power of the human voice are what matters over the ether. A prosecuting counsel with a good broadcasting voice but a bad argument will win every time over a defending counsel with a weak voice and a good argument. If a trial is to be not merely in front of a court, but in the presence of a nation, then the whole fate of a Government may be involved in the verdict.

So far as democratic States are concerned, I do not believe that even as a commercial speculation the broadcasting of trials would be good business. It is obvious that if any fair assessment is to be made of the evidence and the legal issues involved, it would be quite impossible to broadcast selected passages from the cut and thrust of court procedure. The whole trial would have to be broadcast or none of it. Some trials extend over weeks, with long weary hours of highly technical evidence by gunsmiths, pathologists, experts in company law, and chartered accountants. What broadcasting station would give up even a whole day to such a trial and how many listeners would be willing to endure such intolerable tedium?

This has always been an insurmountable difficulty in carrying out the suggestion sometimes made in England of broadcasting the debates in the House of Commons. It is pointed out that to do justice to all parties, it would be necessary to broadcast the whole of a debate and that though the public might tolerate and even enjoy a Ministerial exposition of a policy and the slashing attack upon it by the leader of the Opposition, they would instantly switch off the radio when there came with the interrogations of the backbenchers what has been so aptly described as the "dreary drip of desultory debate."

I come last to what in my judgment is the most formidable of all the arguments that can be advanced against the broadcasting of trials. It would imply that the courts were a place of entertainment. The law is a majestic edifice sheltering every one of us, each stone of which rests upon another. To broadcast the administration of justice would be to degrade it to the level of a pasteboard scene in a Hollywood studio, and would make but a painted backcloth of what is after all the central pillar of civilized and ordered society.

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THE CLASS MAGAZINE
OF THE EXECUTIVE FIELD

May I Suggest— By William Lyon Phelps

A DAILY spectacle, unknown and unforeseen not many years ago, is so familiar now as to attract no particular attention except from philosophers like me. One may behold it on any suburban train on any weekday morning in the year on its progress toward any large city. It is the spectacle of throngs of *women*, as well as men, proceeding toward the daily job. They look alive, full of vitality; they look capable, like persons who are about to undertake some task with a confidence born of experience. I believe they are far happier than the girls of 1887, who often spent their days in a desert of expectation. To one of these in my youth I said, "Well, good-by; be good!" To which she replied, "I am afraid I shall not have the chance to be anything else."

You will remember, in that greatest of all one-act plays, Barrie's *Twelve Pound Look*, how the rich man's idle wife, so plastered with jewels that she glittered and resounded like a chandelier, looking with vague longing at the typist, said to her fat and fatuous husband, "I thought she looked so alive. It was while she was working the machine."

A consideration of these circumstances will help us to understand the new American novel by Louis Paul, called *Emma*. Emma is not exactly a rich man's wife, but she is the young wife of an efficient and extremely busy young man, absorbed in his daily work, toward which he goes literally like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The difference between this novel and Barrie's play is that both husband and wife love each other devotedly. But what she does in the first chapter will not only seem improbable, but will be almost inconceivable to many readers, unless they remember the change that has come over modern life.

Another very interesting thing to consider in this remarkable novel is the question of friendships between women. Friendships between men go back to the dawn of history; David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, will immediately rise in the memory; and many great novels have exhaled from this element an undying charm: the Dumas romances, *Trilby*, etc. It used to be said that women could not have with one another the strong, loyal, honest give-and-take friendships so frequent among men. Why do we so seldom hear that derogatory comment nowadays? No one has ventured

"Keeps Us Informed"



Photo: *Delineator*
"Billy" Phelps.

"Rotarian William Lyon Phelps keeps us informed each month in THE ROTARIAN of good books to read. This name as a beacon light has shone for students of literature for over 45 years. One Rotarian of our Club heard him deliver a lecture at Austin, Texas, over two decades ago. Professor Phelps introduced to him Thomas Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and Turgenev's *Fathers and Children*, and thereby helped him to acquire a love of good reading which he has kept up to this day. If one hour so brightens a life, how much more his Yale students and others who see him frequently appreciate him!"—From *The Wheel of Fortune*, publication of the Rotary Club of San Antonio, Texas.

to provide an answer to this; so I will suggest that the thousands of girls who earn their daily bread in the dust and heat of the metropolis have a different attitude toward each other from that of former days.

To me the friendship among Emma and Sally and Jean in this novel is perhaps the most charming feature of the entire story, although it probably was not meant to be its foundation. I recommend this book with emphasis; two years ago (wasn't it?) I read the same author's novel *The Pumpkin Coach* with delight, and I think he has written even a better one in *Emma*.

* * *

The late Clarence Day, author of the nation-wide favorite *Life with Father*, was one of my pupils in the famous Yale class of 1896. In the year 1895-96, I gave, for the first time in any university in the world, a course exclusively devoted to contemporary novels. It nearly resulted in my expulsion from the faculty, but what saved me was my unwillingness to pose in the theatrical rôle of martyrdom. I was young and my superiors in office were older; they said, "No more of this," and, like a good soldier in the ranks, I replied, "No more, indeed, sirs," and bided my time. Well, in this course was Clarence Day. At the Christmas examination, he finished his paper before any others of the 250 students who were taking it; and I showed his paper to the dean of the college, who said, "You will have to mark this man *PERFECT!*" something almost never done. I told

Clarence then that the day would come when he would be known far and wide as a creative writer.

After over 35 years of crippling arthritis, Clarence Day died on December 28, 1935, at the age of 61. He was not only at the height of his fame, but in the plenitude of his creative powers. He had left among his manuscripts material for this new book, *Life with Mother*. (I never saw his father, but I knew his mother well; she had an original and interesting mind.)

Some of the chapters in this book had already appeared in periodicals, as we learn from the excellent preface by his wife, Katharine; and I am very glad that she has herself added a description of his mother's last days. For she brought more happiness into Clarence's life than he had ever known; her relation to his mother was perfect.

THIS book, like *Life with Father*, exhibits the extraordinary skill of Clarence Day in walking firmly along that extremely narrow border between sentimentality and irony. He was one of America's leading humorists; and his humor is the ground quality of all three of his "family" books; but the interesting thing is that while the sense of the ridiculous enlivens nearly every chapter, every reader will feel the intense love which Clarence Day had for his parents and which every member of this remarkable family felt for all the others.

* * *

Glad am I that the short story *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, has been reprinted in a slim volume; for it deserves preservation in this permanent form. This is a masterpiece of prose from one of our foremost poets. It is a delightful variation on

Photo: Pinchot



the world-old plot of a compact with the Devil, of which the greatest exemplar is *Faust*. This will take its place immediately as one of the most notable short stories in American literature. Apart from its wit and its splendor, it has a particular place in my own heart; for ever since I was 17 (and I remember the exact day and moment) Daniel Webster's seventh of March speech, which brought down on his 70-year-old head a storm of abuse and a poison gas of obloquy almost unparalleled in American political history, has seemed to me not only the greatest but also the wisest, most unselfish, and most patriotic speech of his career.

* * *

A fine example of English prose by a contemporary British poet is the novel *Sherston's Progress*, by Siegfried Sassoon. This is the third of a trilogy of short novels, the first of which was called *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (1928), and the second, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* (1930). Mr. Sassoon belongs to the famous family of British bankers; he was brought up as an English gentleman, fond of outdoor sport. Then came the World War; and it would take so long to describe the mental attitude from which he suffered, as described in the second and in the early chapters of the third novel, that I will content myself by recommending to all those who wish to get on the inside of the mind of a sensitive pacifist actively engaged in leading his men into battle, the perusal of *Sherston's Progress*. I have never been in Palestine, but the beautiful descriptions of it in this novel have almost decided me to go thither.

I know how most readers feel concerning "another book about the War," because I feel just that way myself; but if you are willing to read a rather brief but tragic novel of a French lieutenant taken prisoner among the Bulgarians, and of his relations with an amazing professional nurse, let me advise you to read *Lena*. It is written by Roger Vernel and admirably translated into English by Warre Bradley Wells, whose first name is as felicitous as his prose style. But I warn you, the story is tragic. Why read it, then? To which I hasten to reply, why not?

* * *

Rotarians who enjoy using their brains as an athlete enjoys using his muscles will read with pleasure the little book called *Pages from an Oxford Diary*. The manuscript was delivered to the publishers two weeks before the author's death

Stephen Vincent Benét, author and 1928 winner of the Pulitzer Prize award for the best volume of verse.

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last March, and the author was one of America's greatest scholars, Dr. Paul Elmer More. The book consists of meditations on religion. I found it inspiring and helpful.

* * *

A brilliant book in lighter vein is modestly called *Small Talk* and is by the Honorable Harold Nicolson. This English gentleman, traditionally educated at Oxford, spent many years abroad in diplomatic service. He wrote the authorized biography of our famous American statesman Dwight Morrow. His pervasive humor enlivens nearly every page of these brief essays; and indeed humor and the differences between British and American humor form the subject of more than one of them. Those who cannot speak any foreign language will be comforted by his discussion of those who can. *How to Read Books* and *How to Write Books* are two of the best. *What Struck Me Most in America* will surely interest us, because this trained observer has seen so many other countries; and it will be of particular interest to Rotarians, because of its emphasis on what so many think is intolerably overemphasized, the word "service." All the noble army of self-constituted *intelligentsia*, and, believe me, it is a huge army, who despise Rotarians because of the word "service," should read this very enlightening paragraph:

"I should define this American discovery as that of the distinction between service and servitude. On first reaching the United States I had been somewhat irritated by the ubiquity of that word 'service,' feeling that it was overdone and commercialized, feeling that it represented fraudulent verbal excuse for the inevitable inequalities of a capitalistic system. The flickering, fire-lit, self-assurance of Bob and Martha dispelled this suspicion. It convinced me that this

very 'service' was the most original, and perhaps the most enduring, constituent of the American Idea."

* * *

This present year is the 200th anniversary of the birth of the famous historian Edward Gibbon, who wrote the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; and I recommend a new biography of him by D. M. Low. The appearance, personality, and behavior of Gibbon are excellent materials for biography. He was under five feet in height, must have weighed over 200 pounds, and although an Englishman and writing his master work in English, he wrote French more easily and more naturally thought in that language. He came very near marriage without ever marrying; a man of peace, he was for years a professional soldier; he was a living paradox. It is greatly to the credit of his biographer that he has not striven for effect; he has not tried to be sensational; he has tried only to be truthful. It is a good book; and it is one of the few biographies where, if the hero were able to read it, he would, without a doubt, recognize his own portrait.

* * *

And now for one thriller. The last four or five murder stories I have read were so intolerably dull I could not finish them, although they nearly finished me. But the English author who calls herself Patricia Wentworth has never disappointed me; and her latest book is worthy of her. It is called *Down Under*. Read it.

* * *

Books mentioned, their publishers and prices:

Emma. Louis Paul. Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.
—*Life with Mother*. Clarence Day. Knopf. \$2.
—*The Devil and Daniel Webster*. Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.—*Sherston's Progress*. Siegfried Sassoon. Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.—*Lena*. Roger Vernel. Random House. \$2.50.—*Pages from an Oxford Diary*. Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. \$2.—*Small Talk*. Harold Nicolson. Harcourt Brace. \$2.—*Edward Gibbon*. D. M. Low. Random House. \$3.50.—*Down Under*. Patricia Wentworth. Lippincott. \$2.



Woodcut by M. J. Gallagher.

• O Piteous Heart •

Half my life I loved the shore:
The salty line of kelp, the spray
Blown from the rocks, and the blue bay.
Soon I learned the seaman's lore
Of mackerel skies, of ship and gull
Leaning against the gale, the far
Gleam from a lighthouse tower, a star
Stalwart and strangely beautiful.

Half my life grew with the land:
I saw cool hills give fiery yield
Of molten ore, the dark plowed field
Brighten with bloom, and long would stand
Ardent with earth's simplicity. . . .
O piteous heart, what have you learned
Of rest, your roots too lightly turned,
Nursed by the soil, sired by the sea?

—KATHLEEN SUTTON.



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 India's Jig-Saw Puzzle
 Ceylon Days and Nights
 On the Road to Mandalay
 Rotary in Tanah Malaya
 Jewel of the South Seas
 A Javanese Memory-Picture
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Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

THE gentleman whose acquaintance you make here does not happen to be a Rotarian. Yet he is known to scores of Rotarians, his work to thousands of them. Hunters who bag more than they need, feel his frown. Sporting nimrods hear his applause. And all the wild birds of North America—it is safe to guess—honk, quack, and cheep, "He's a pal of ours."

• • •

There's a strong-jawed, fuzzy-browed gentleman in Canada named Jack Miner. Three thousand miles distant from him—but still in Canada—there's a black and white signboard which reads: *Become a Jack Miner by Feeding and Protecting the Wild-Fowl.*

That sign wouldn't mean much if folks didn't know Jack Miner—but they do . . . everywhere.

At his bird sanctuary in Kingsville, Ont., he has entertained as many as 13,000 visitors in a single afternoon. Five hired men do nothing but direct tourist traffic.

What is the attraction? What is the story? Well, sketchily, it is this: There, on a number of small ponds, thousands upon thousands of migratory birds, many of them once vanishing Americans, find refuge from hunters' guns, find food when food is scarce, find a "pal" in Jack Miner.

Even as far back as his boyhood days, Jack Miner liked birds—particularly wild geese. Their wariness, their intelligence, appealed to him, and he decided that, if they'd have him, he'd be their friend.

Grown up and living in Kingsville, he dug a pond near his home some 33 years ago, placed four wing-tipped Canada geese in it, and waited four years before any others came to join them. A flock of 11 stopped for a few days on their northward journey, however, and the next Spring returned 32 in number. The flock jumped to 350 birds the following year, and today it is so large that no one can take its census as it stops regularly on its Spring and Autumn migrations.

Some 28 years ago, Jack decided to find out where the mallard ducks that Summered with him spent their Winters. To the leg of one



Photo: Paul Lundstedt

Jack Miner feeds corn to two whistling swans; today a rare species.

he attached a small aluminum band bearing his name and address, and freed it. A year later a hunter in Anderson, S. C., brought it down, wrote Jack Miner about it. Thus did bird banding, which has become an international hobby and science, begin.

Since that time Jack has tagged thousands of ducks, geese, and other birds, and the reports which have come to him from all parts of the American Continents and elsewhere probably make the most extensive and accurate collection of data on bird migrations in the world. He estimates that he has banded some 40 tons of Canada geese—the wildest, most coveted of game birds.

The outer surface of Jack Miner's bands carries his name and address. The inside, blank for many years, now carries a verse of Scripture. Jack is no religious fanatic. He believes in humility and reverence. But he has found that hunters everywhere like the moral and inspirational bits and would be sorely disappointed if he discontinued using them.

It is admitted pretty generally that the only thing that will save many bird species from extermination is sanctuaries—controlled, protected areas where artificial feeding will attract birds away from continuous gunfire of hunters—give them a breathing spell between shots.

Wild-fowl enjoying a breathing spell between hunters' shots at a bird sanctuary.



Game wardens, enforcers of protective game laws, can't be everywhere at once. The United States and Canada have begun to string chains of sanctuaries across their lands, costly business, but worth while if you want future generations to see live birds—not stuffed ones.

While wild-fowl seem to know Jack Miner's retreat best, others are welcome and come in great numbers. Quail, partridge, pheasants, and other game birds find shelter under the boughs of evergreens in the Winter. Songbirds fill those boughs with chirps and trills in Summer. The sanctuary keeps the whole countryside stocked with upland game and songsters.

The Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation, recently incorporated, will perpetuate Jack's good work. Jack's wife and sons share all his

enthusiasm, his hunger for wisdom about birds. With him they are happy to share the executive offices of the Foundation, also.

Hobby Directory

If you care to swap hobby notes with others (if you are a Rotarian or member of a Rotarian's family), write to one of the following. If you'd like to be listed here, just say as much to *The Groom*, who revives herewith the hobbyists' correspondence service which *The Field* once gave.

Photography: M. Leroy Rush, 307-308 Miazza Woods Bldg., Meridian, Miss.

Indian Relics: Amos Ayres (also collects coins), Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

—THE GROOM.

Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance, 1937-38* (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

FOURTH WEEK (OCTOBER) — The Give and Get of Rotary (Club Service).

From *THE ROTARIAN*—

A Psychologist Looks at Rotary. Donald A. Laird. This issue, page 16.
Yes, I Was 'Sore' about Extension. Joel C. Harris, Jr. This issue, page 28.
We Must Lose to Gain. Maurice Duperrey. July, 1937.
A Swedish View of Rotary. Kurt Belfrage. Sept., 1937.
Rotary Getting Dull? Editorial. Feb., 1936.
We Expect It of Doctors. George J. Spreull. Dec., 1935.
We Start with the Individual. Ed. R. Johnson. July, 1935.
Rotary As Seen by a Spanish Rotarian. Carlos Soldevila. June, 1937.
A Chinese View of Rotary. T. C. Tsao. Apr., 1937.
Rotary—a Long-Range View. Antonin Cekota. Jan., 1937.
There's Romance in Extension. Allison G. Brush. Mar., 1937.

Books—

Fifty Million Brothers. Charles W. Ferguson. Farrar & Rinehart. N. Y., 1937. \$3. (See chapter on Rotary.)
Making New Friends. Lillian Dow Davidson. Rotary International. 1934. \$3.75.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International: The Give and Get of Rotary. No. 309.
Some Advantages to Be Derived from Membership in a Rotary Club. No. 351.
Privileges and Obligations of the Rotarian. No. 305.
Rotary Wheel Program. No. 259.

FIRST WEEK (NOVEMBER) — "Leave the Wood Pile Higher Than You Found It" (Rotary Foundation).

From *THE ROTARIAN*—

'You Can't Take It with You.' William Moulton Marston. This issue, page 8.
Rotary Has a Foundation. Editorial. This issue, page 41.
Keep the Pile High. Editorial. May, 1936.
Plato Started It. George W. MacLellan. May, 1936.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International: Our Rotary Foundation. No. 115.

SECOND WEEK (NOVEMBER) — Youth and International Understanding (Community Service).

From *THE ROTARIAN*—

Young Hands Across the Pacific. Yasmasa Togo. This issue, page 31.
Ithaca Plan. Rotary Around the World. This issue, page 51.
Home-Town International Service. Walter D. Head. Oct., 1935.
The Ithaca Plan. Editorial. Aug., 1935.
Campus Envoy Extraordinary. Charles D. Hurley. Nov., 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International: Youth and International Understanding. No. 663.

International Correspondence between Students. No. 758c.

International Guests in Rotary Clubs. No. 743.

THIRD WEEK (NOVEMBER) — A Vocational Service Playlet (Vocational Service).

From *THE ROTARIAN*—

Yes—but That's the Law. Harry Hirschman. This issue, page 33.

Illegal Lending Is Bad Business. William Trufant Foster. This issue, page 37.

Other Magazines—

What Is a Loan Shark? M. Grobien. Survey. Sept., 1936.

Property and Tactics; Prohibit Usury and Enforce the Just Price. H. Nickerson. *American Review*. Feb., 1936.

Books—

How to Use Your Bank. Wm. H. Kniffin. McGraw-Hill. N. Y. 1937. \$2.

Getting Things Done in Business. Everett B. Wilson. McGraw-Hill. N. Y. 1937. \$2.50.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Boomerangs. No. 812.

Golden Rule, Plated. No. 815.

Outgrowing Cannibalism. No. 828.

Other Suggestions for Club Programs

BIRDS AS A HOBBY

From *THE ROTARIAN*—

Hobbyhorse Hitching Post. This issue, page 62.

Band Birds for a Hobby. William I. Lyon. Sept., 1935.

Bird Conservation. Hobbyhorse Hitching Post. Nov., 1936.

Other Magazines—

Friends of Man. L. O. Renne. *Nature*. Sept., 1935.

Bird-Song Study Problems. A. R. Brand. *Bird Lore*. May, 1936.

Books—

The Book of Birds. Gilbert Grosvenor and Alexander Wetmore, eds. (2 vols. illustrated in full color.) National Geographic Society. Washington, D. C. 1937. \$5.

A Field Guide to Birds. Roger Tory Peterson. Houghton Mifflin. N. Y. 1934. \$2.75. (Gives field marks of all species found in eastern North America.)

CRIME PREVENTION THROUGH SLUM CLEARANCE

From *THE ROTARIAN*—

The Slums Must Go! Lewis E. Lawes. This issue, page 11.

From City Slum to Country. John B. Tompkins. Oct., 1936.

Green Trees and City Streets. Marshall Johnson. Mar., 1936.

Other Magazines—

Costs of Bad Housing. E. E. Wood. *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. Mar., 1937.

Shelter for the Poor. R. E. Sherman. *American City*. Feb., 1937.

THE PARKING PROBLEM

From *THE ROTARIAN*—

The Autos Go Round and Round—. William B. Powell. This issue, page 22.

Other Magazines—

For Better Places to Park. R. C. Weinberg. *American City*. June, 1937.

Roof Parking to Relieve Street Overcrowding. Portland, Oregon. *American City*. Jan., 1937.

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Left to right: Authors Laird, Marston, Riddell, Dawson, Lawes

Chats on Contributors

FROM prison guard in 1905 to recognition as one of the world's outstanding penologists is the both-end record of **Lewis E. Lawes**, *The Slums Must Go!* Between those two limits are administrative posts in New York prisons and reformatories, his selection as warden of Sing Sing Prison in 1920. He is honorary president of the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment, a director of the Boys' Clubs of America. In 1932, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* came from his pen.

• • •

The Honorable **William Renwick Riddell**, *Canada: Dominion of Canadians*, enjoys doctorates from two Canadian and nine American universities, is a member of the Royal Historical Society of London and other learned groups. Over 600 articles—historical, legal, scientific, mathematical—are numbered among his writings. Since 1923, Justice of Appeal, Supreme Court of Ontario, he is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Rockland, Me. . . . Not a new name to ROTARIAN readers is that of **Donald A. Laird**, director of Colgate University's psychological laboratory, whose studies in human psychology have brought deserved respect. Author of many books and over 400 magazine contributions, he writes here on *A Psychologist Looks at Rotary*. . . . For 17 years director of the Pollack Foundation for Economic Research, **William Trufant Foster**, *Illegal Lending Is Bad Business*, has written prodigiously on varied fields: money, morals, argument. One-time president of Reed College, Portland, Oreg., he holds a doctor's degree from Columbia.

• • •

The debate-of-the-month question, *Broadcast Trials?*, brings a Yes from **Mitchell Dawson**, for 23 years a Chicago attorney. A contributor to *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Forum*, as well as to *THE ROTARIAN*, he is chairman of the

• • •

W. T. Foster



Chicago Bar Association's public relations committee. . . . **Robert Bernays**, youthful member of the British House of Commons with foreign affairs and British India as his specialty, gives a No to the debate question. A one-time newspaper correspondent, *Special Correspondent* is his most recent book. . . . Possessor of a doctor's degree from Harvard, **William Moulton Marston** has been a consulting psychologist since 1925. A lecturer and writer of articles on psychology, he is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, author of short stories, contributor to scientific journals. His theme here: 'You Can't Take It with You.' . . . **A. D. Hutton**, *So That Man Will Live*, is on the medical staff of Southwestern State Hospital, Marion, Va. He took his degree in medicine at the Medical College of Virginia. He is a member of the Marion Rotary Club.

• • •

Harry Hirschman for nearly a score of years has been writing, lecturing, concentrating on the "shortcomings of the law." A member of the Washington bar, he writes here on *Yes—But That's the Law*. . . . **Rotarian William B. Powell** is traffic engineer of Buffalo, N. Y., is a consulting traffic engineer for the United States Bureau of Public Roads, a charter member of the Institute of Traffic Engineers. He writes on *The Autos Go Round and Round*. . . . **William Lyon Phelps**, *May I Suggest*, brings another book list to those who read with discernment. Yale's professor emeritus of English literature, he is a member of the Rotary Club of New Haven, Conn. . . . **Joel Chandler Harris, Jr.**, son and namesake of one of the best-loved writers in the South, entered newspaper work via the cub reporter's door. Now he heads the Southern office of the Kelly-Smith Company of New York, national newspaper representatives. A member of the Atlanta, Ga., Rotary Club, he is Immediate Past Governor of District 69 (now the 165th). His theme: *Yes, I Was 'Sore' about Extension*. . . . Nearly 200 editors have welcomed the literary products of **Harry Elmore Hurd**, author, poet, one-time minister, wireless operator, cowboy. *The World's Worst Shot* is his contribution to this issue. . . . **Yasumasu Togo**, *Young Hands Across the Pacific*, is a Japanese university student, son of a Past President of the Rotary Club of Tokyo.

Left to right: Authors Powell, Dutton, Hirschman, Hurd, Harris

Photos: (1) Nuusbaumer; (2) Foster Studio; (3) Mishkin; (4) from a Charcoal Drawing by Harold Berry



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You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

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One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A Connecticut man writes he has made \$55.00 in a single day's time. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

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Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory through which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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Is the Home Disintegrating?

Nina Wilcox Putnam, well-known writer, and Elmer T. Peterson, former editor of "Better Homes and Gardens," in the debate-of-the-month take issue on this provocative question which is engaging the attention of leading sociologists of many nations. Readers are, of course, to draw their own conclusions—and are invited to submit their views to the editors.

Is Man Improving?

Abbé Ernest Dimnet, French author and philosopher, ponders a question which thoughtful men are asking every day. He surveys the past, examines the evidence, and gives a bit of encouragement to those who would think the present picture entirely dark.

In Your December ROTARIAN

Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment from the editorial mailbag.

On De-Glorifying the Grouch

In reading George Ade's article in the September ROTARIAN, *On Glorifying the Grouch*, I find his introduction very sensible and conservative. It strikes me, however, that his introduction is entirely foreign to the principle that he discusses in the main part of his article. The substance of George's philosophy seems to be that you should try to get all you possibly can for yourself by driving bargain prices on what they have to sell that you want. That seems to me to be the opposite philosophy of "service above self."

My purpose in reading THE ROTARIAN, in general, is to foster my Rotary spirit. It was neither stimulated nor nourished by reading George's article.

I am not financially interested, in the least, in hotel enterprises. The only reason I object to having them picked out for illustration of a violation of good business ethics is that I don't believe it is fair to them. I believe they have just as high ethical standards for conducting their business as other businessmen have. I don't think George has exemplified the Rotary spirit in writing as he did about his personal grievances.

W. R. DODSON, *Rotarian*
Classification: Education, Agriculture
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Fair for Bidder and Buyer

Re: Article, July ROTARIAN, *Award Contract to Lowest Bidder?*, by Algernon Blair and Sydney Webster.

It is my belief after nearly 20 years of private practice that it is possible to combine the two points of view to the best interests of the client. We handle our work on a percentage of the cost of construction, guaranteeing not to exceed a definite or fixed sum for the cost of the work. This gives the client the benefit of any saving should it be possible through careful buying of materials or selection of labor to hasten efficiently the completion of the project.

You are doing a fine job in bringing to the widespread Rotary family some inkling of the points of view of the ever-increasing family problems. Discussions of two sides to every question is helpful in clearing the air, and is a distinct contribution to the advancement of Rotary service in many of the businesses and professions.

F. A. CUSHING SMITH, *Rotarian*
Classification: Town Planning Engineer
Chicago, Illinois

Each of Us Is Dependent . . .

I was very much interested in the articles *Co-ordinating to Beat the Devil*, by K. J. Scudder; *Business Morals on the Upgrade*, by Norman Hapgood; *When Men Work Well*, by Edward J. Barcalo; and *Practical Charity 'Round the Corner*, by Charles A. Dostal (all in the September ROTARIAN).

I can't help commenting on the constructive program of Rotary in socializing our thinking about our work and play, showing how each of us is dependent upon the other fellow, and that it is only as we concern ourselves about his problems that we can advance ourselves.

CLARENCE A. PRETZER, *General Secretary*
Family Welfare Society
Providence, Rhode Island

Met Wrong College Presidents

I have read the debate *Are Fraternities Worth While?* with considerable interest.

My good friend Dean Fred Turner has presented the fraternity case with force, clarity, and honesty.

John Tunis has met the wrong college presidents. For nine years I have been calling on 100 college and university presidents in 46 States with more or less regularity, and only one habitually opposes fraternities, while well over the majority strongly support and uphold them. Last Fall, one large Midwestern college president told me that a small fraternity had left his campus. He said, "This will not happen again. We do not intend to lose another chapter." I have heard the story all over the country, North, South, East, and West, from presidents who say they could not run their campus or handle their student body without the fine support given every constructive move by fraternities.

Mr. Tunis should spend a year among today's fraternity men if he would see what upper-classmen are doing to help pledges. Each trip that I make into chapter houses convinces me that many undergraduates are not only more serious and constructive but also often more capable in assisting young college men toward their goals in education than I was at their age or even am today in many instances.

Fraternities are measuring up to their opportunities in a way that they did not in the past. The force of a given group is often indicative of the spirit of the campus or college; the college administration that uses fraternities generally has constructive chapters on its campus.

I would commend THE ROTARIAN for its fairness in presenting this and similar debates.

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS
Editor, *The Delta*, and
Asst. General Secretary, *Sigma Nu Fraternity*
Indianapolis, Indiana

Tips for Tunis

It is my usual custom after reading unpleasant articles in any magazine to lay aside the magazine and promptly forget the article. In the instance of this "No" to the question *Are Fraternities Worth While?* in the September ROTARIAN, by one John R. Tunis: I forego the usual custom and protest vigorously the publication of such bombast . . .

Forgive me the heat of my reaction, but read this from Mr. Tunis: "Moreover, a few good students in the house are always able to provide a set of well-written and intelligently taken notes in various courses to be handed along to the dumber brethren." That is an insult to the youth of today.

The majority of men in college, whether in fraternity houses or independents, are seriously there for the purpose of acquiring an education and know that tactics of that sort fool only themselves and not their professors. Many fraternity men today are working their way partially or entirely through school and certainly are not wasting their time parasitically on "their brethren's notes."

While in college (Miami University) I had access to many different fraternity and sorority houses because of selling a line of fraternity leather goods, and my ideas are not based simply on my experiences in my own fraternity, but on observation in other fraternities as well.

Since my own college days I have constantly been in touch with fraternity life and know for a fact that John R. Tunis is "all wet." It must be years since he looked between the pages of a fraternity magazine. He might not be aware that his own fraternity has a competent man in charge of scholarship, no less a man than Dean Herbert Smith, of DePauw University, who is doing a very excellent piece of work. He might find out by personal reading of such publications that charts are made showing comparative scholastic standings of fraternity men and nonfraternity men, showing the average of all college men in every college where the fraternity has a chapter, and that each chapter particularly emphasizes scholastic attainment and participation in extracurricular college affairs.

He writes "families have been broken up by this silly spirit fostered by Greek-letter fraternities." In my own family three of the largest and best national fraternities are represented and three of the most respected sororities and we are not at all split over the matter.

If the spending of money for diamond-studded Beta pins or Kappa keys is the author's idea of the acme of fraternity ideals, he should learn of the very wonderful work being done by the Pi Beta Phi sorority in its settlement school among the mountaineers of Tennessee. Or the funded scholarship maintained by various sororities and fraternities.

CLEONE H. SOULE, *Rotarian*

Classification: Dry Goods Distributing
Tacoma, Washington

No Squabbles at Texas 'U'

The author of *Are Fraternities Worth While?* —No! evidently did not find out about the fraternities at the University of Texas. The fraternities and sororities have study halls that the pledges have to attend. A member presides over study hall and sees that the pledges really study. The fraternities and sororities try to head the honor list which is compiled just for this honor.

Also, at Texas the fraternities and sororities have no serious squabbles. They are, in fact, pulling together in a clique against the "barbs" —who are the nonfraternity students . . .

DAUGHTER OF A ROTARIAN
Student at the University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Rivalry Is Good-Natured . . .

At first blush it might seem that John Tunis has the better of the debate with Dean Turner (University of Illinois) on *Are Fraternities Worth While?* in the September ROTARIAN. However, Dean Turner is very close to the subject of discussion while Mr. Tunis gathers his information from where he may.

I also am a Beta and I strongly disagree with Mr. Tunis' conclusions. . . . The proof of the value of fraternity life may be found in many colleges and universities where commons or clubs for eating and living are either coming into being or are already in existence. And these are primarily designed to furnish that life for nonfraternity men or women or, in a few instances, to supplant the fraternity entirely . . .

It seems that Mr. Tunis is crying out against a system which he says is antidemocratic and antisocial. I am truly sorry that his experience was so bitter that he can find so little good in it. If as he says fraternities do foster an antidemocratic and antisocial attitude, let him examine closely into the other influences to which the young men and women of today are subjected to see if perhaps there are not stronger influences than fraternities which do actually

foster and breed such an attitude. Let him look into those colleges and universities without fraternities for this very same attitude and compare the results of his labors with what he knows of those which have fraternities.

There is, naturally enough, rivalry between fraternities. Usually it is good-natured and wholesome, excepting perhaps during the rushing and pledging season. But is not progress built on rivalry?

As one who has recently passed, and I believe safely, through the hazards of fraternity and college life, may I venture to suggest that fraternities foster a spirit which is very near to the ideals of Rotary.

WILLIAM McC. BAUMANN, *Rotarian*

Classification: Attorney-at-Law

Fremont, Ohio

And More on Fraternities

The debate in the September ROTARIAN, by Fred H. Turner and John R. Tunis, on *Are Fraternities Worth While?* was not only interesting but informative and particularly opportune. The articles are indicative of the two sides of a question that has long been an issue in the academic life of this country . . .

The question has not only involved the opinions of educators but of State legislators in recent years. The influences of the fraternity have been argued from many angles by those for and against Greek-letter organizations, yet the fact remains that few fraternity men, despite the attitude of Mr. Tunis, a former fraternity man, have an unfavorable impression of the academic and social fraternity in the advanced educational circles of our country. The man



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Idea for Christmas

Certainly! Non-Rotarians like to read THE ROTARIAN. Business and professional men, club women, and students welcome Rotary's magazine for its many articles of general interest. This year's Christmas shopping can be made simple by sending THE ROTARIAN to your friends. Only \$1.50 the year.

When writing, please mention "The Rotarian"

who is socially inclined seems generally to have enjoyed his experience in a fraternity. On the other hand, a man of strong individualistic traits who desires privacy rather than the company of his fellow-man, or one who has little, if any, experience with the actual organization or operation of a fraternity, usually accuses the fraternity of being committed to a "high-hat" policy or to a purpose largely divorced from the real object of education. Each makes his estimate and judgment, for the most part, from his individual experience, rather than from the experience and opinion of the majority who have actually been affiliated with an academic Greek-letter fraternity.

The writer is a member of one of the largest Greek-letter fraternities in the United States and derived his advanced education from the University of Nebraska. During his four years at that institution he served as scholarship chairman, correspondent, vice-president, and president of his fraternity chapter. Merely as a matter of record, to substantiate the argument he presents, he also became a member of Phi Beta Kappa and the senior men's honorary body of the university. In addition, he served as contributing editor on the staff of the *Daily Nebraskan*, and had four years' experience as a member of the football squad. May he be forgiven, therefore, for assuming that he has a liberal and somewhat accurate viewpoint of the part which fraternities played not only in the life of their individual members, but also in the academic life of the university itself.

First, in supporting the arguments of Dean Turner, who says *Yes* to the debate question, may we submit the fact that 14 years ago fraternities had what was known as a scholarship chairman, whose duty it was to supervise the study of the freshmen at a study table which usually began at 7:30 in the evening and closed at 10. Everyone knows that such an influence and supervision are necessary in the direction of the majority of freshmen in their scholastic career. Significantly, at that time the university would not permit an athlete to participate in his particular field or fields unless he had a specified, desirable scholastic standing; and it gave a scholarship plaque to every fraternity which maintained a specified average scholastic standing on a par with educational standards.

The house rules forbade the freshmen to date except on Friday or Saturday nights, and also prohibited them from partaking of alcoholic drinks at any time. They also prohibited the presence of liquors within the fraternity house. Violations of this house rule certainly occurred, but the fact remains they were frowned upon. Later, "house mothers" became a part of almost every fraternity house—an addition which certainly has added a dignity and moral influence which no one can deny. Neatness in dress at dinner was stressed. Social etiquette was never overlooked in the education of the young member and, while the elimination of antagonistic attitudes was sometimes severe, the training in learning how to "get along" with other people proved to be an asset [Continued on page 50]

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

WANT to be a charter member of a new club? The membership rules are quite simple—if you read this issue of THE ROTARIAN from "kiver to kiver."

This is the way it works: Just check what you believe to be the correct answer in the list following each of the questions below. Then look at the answers listed on page 63, and find if you are right. Each question counts 10—a perfect score is 100. If you miss two questions, your score is 80. If you miss only one or two, give yourself a pat on the back and consider yourself a member of the Kiver-to-Kiver Klub.

1. One of the following is not included in Wilbur Gruber's *The Seven Facets of Rotary*:

Business-relations Rotary.

Inspirational Rotary.

Structural Rotary.

Political Rotary.

Social Rotary.

Community-Service Rotary.

International Rotary.

2. The author of 'Goin' to Town' Vocally is:

Dale Carnegie.

Chesley R. Perry.

Joel C. Harris, Jr.

James L. Waller.

Stuart Hay.

3. What a Difference If—is an article about—

Rotary extension.

The 1938 Rotary Convention.

Business courtesy.

Boys Work.

Rotary in other lands.

4. Concerning the organization of a Department of Peace in the Governments of the world, the American publisher Frank E. Gannett—

Is in favor of it.

Is not in favor of it.

5. One of Walt Whitman's verses is quoted in this issue by—

Louis Untermeyer.

Pertinax.

Peter Molyneaux.

Donald A. Laird.

6. Cecil Rhodes, whose memorable work in the development of South Africa has made its impression on history, is mentioned and quoted in an article in this issue by—

John R. Tunis.

Ye Man with Ye Scratchpad.

Donald A. Laird.

Lynn O. Waldorf.

7. Peter Molyneaux, in his article concerning Institutes of International Understanding, quotes H. G. Wells as saying—

"Consider the lilies of the field—"

"Go West, young man, go West!"

"We are witnessing in the world today a race between education and catastrophe."

8. The groom who tends the Hobbyhorse Hitching Post presents this month a discussion of—

Stamp collecting.

Cabinet work.

Auctions.

Indian beadwork.

Paleontology.

9. Of the \$4.50 of your annual dues which go to Rotary International every year, the following amount comes back to each Club in the services rendered by the District Governor:

45 cents.

\$1.11.

10. In William F. McDermott's discussion of 4-H Clubs, he—

Mentions work of Rotary Clubs.

Does not mention work of Rotary Clubs.